Joseph W. Young

Preston

April 24th
1852

HISTORICAL CHURCH
Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints
47 E. South Temple St.
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

THE

# MILLENNIUM,

AND OTHER

# POEMS:

TO WHICH IS ANNEXED,

## A TREATISE

ON THE

REGENERATION AND ETERNAL DURATION

OF

## MATTER.

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By P. P. PRATT,

MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL.

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HISTORIANS
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47 E. South Temple St.
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

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# PREFACE.

When these Poems were first written, the Author had no intention of compiling them in one volume: they sprang into existence one after another as occasion called them forth, at times and in places, and under circumstances widely varying. Some came forth upon the bank of the far-famed Niagara, and some were the plaintive strains poured from a full heart in the lonely dungeons of Missouri where the Author was confined upwards of eight months during the late persecution; some were poured from the top of the White Mountains of New Hampshire, and others were uttered while wandering over the flowery plains and wide-extended prairies of the west; some were written in crowded halls and thronged cities, and some in the lonely forest; some were the melting strains of joy and admiration in contemplating the approaching dawn of that glorious day which shall crown the earth and its inhabitants with

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universal peace and rest; and others were produced on the occasion of taking leave of my family, friends, or the great congregation, on a mission to other and distant parts; and some were wrung from a bosom overflowing with grief at the loss of those who were nearest and dearest to my heart. "The Regeneration and Eternal Duration of Matter," in particular was a production in prison, which was more calculated to comfort and console myself and friends when death stared me in the face, than as an argumentative or philosophical production for the instruction of others. At length, the Author was induced to embody the whole in one volume in the hope that perhaps others might find them a source of instruction, edification, and comfort.

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JUST PUBLISHED,

*And for Sale by P. P. PRATT,*

A HISTORY OF THE LATE PERSECUTION

IN

Missouri.

ALSO, THE VOICE OF WARNING;

OR,

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE DOCTRINE OF THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS.

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☞ Our Books are to be obtained at our meetings, and of our travelling Preachers, and also at such Book Stores as we shall advertize hereafter.

# THE MILLENNIUM.

## CHAPTER I.

Introduction—Location of the Ten Tribes—The way prepared—Their return to their own lands—The waters divided—Their return contrasted with their going out of Egypt.

A GLORIOUS theme the sacred muse inspires,
Cheers up the soul, and tunes the sounding lyre:
Lights the dark vale of sorrow, pain and wo,
And gives to man a paradise below.
The joyful time, by prophets long foretold,
At length comes rolling on the astonished world:
When God, the second time, should set his hand,
To gather Israel to their promised land.
An ensign to the nations now is reared,
The standard waving, and the way prepared;

Let kings and empires tremble at his word,
The gentle nations all their aid afford.
What though Assyria's captives long and lone,*
Have wandered outcasts to the world unknown,
In some far region to the frozen north,
Where pale Borealis sends his meteors forth !!
Where fields of ice unbounded block the road,
To keep intruders from their drear abode;
Where no sweet flowers the dreary landscape cheer,
Nor plenteous harvests crown the passing year?
What though the land where milk and honey flowed,
And peace and plenty crowned their blest abode,
Has by the Gentiles long been trodden down,
And desolation reigned o'er all the ground?
Yet soon the icy mountains down shall flow,
The parched ground in springs of water flow,
The barren desert yield delicious fruit,
Their souls to cheer, their spirits to recruit;
Mountains before them levelled to a plain,
The valleys rise, the ocean cleave in twain,

* The Ten Tribes.

The crooked straightened, and the rough made
plain,
The way prepared, lo, Israel comes again!
The seven streams of Egypt's rolling flood
Shall feel the power and might of Israel's God,
Their waves on heaps, like towering mountains
rise,
They cross dry shod, with wonder and surprise.
And thus with joy Assyria's captives come,
In grand procession to their ancient home;
A scene of joy and wonder more sublime
Than all that passed in hardened Pharaoh's time,
When captive Israel raised to heaven their cry,
And Moses came, commissioned from on high,
Poured the ten plagues on Egypt with his rod,
The monarch trembling, owned the power of God,
And filled with envy, rage, and wild dismay,
Thrust Israel forth, and bade them haste away;
Then moved with wild despair that all was lost,
He straight pursued them with his numerous host;
Before them stretched the vast expanded sea,
And mountains, on each side, hedged up the way,

The roar of chariots armed, pressed on their rear
In dread array, and filled their souls with fear:
Till Moses o'er the sea stretched forth his rod,
And cleared a passage through the mighty flood,
And soon, with safety, led his armies through,
But Pharaoh, close behind, did still pursue;
The floods returning with majestic roar,
His armies sunk, o'erwhelmed, to rise no more;
While Israel still pursued their joyous way,
Their God, in fire by night, in cloud by day
Before them moved, majestic to behold!
Until on Sinai's mount the thunder rolled,
And lightnings flaming in one general glare,
While clouds of smoke hung on the darkened air.
Jehovah spake! the trumpet, long and loud,
Earth's whole foundation to the centre bowed.
Israel and Moses quaking stood around,
A sudden trembling seized the solid ground.
Moses, at length, drew near; the law was given,
Of justice, equal weights, and measure even:
And angels' food became their constant bread,
A month on quails their numerous hosts were fed,

The rock was smitten, and a fountain burst,—
Poured forth its cooling stream to quench their thirst.
His angel led them all their journey through;
The nations trembling, fainted at the view;
Their mighty walls fell tumbling to the ground,
Destruction swept the nations, all around.
But lo! a scene more glorious strikes my view
Than Israel ever saw or Egypt knew:
Ten thousand times ten thousand I behold,
Returning home, as prophets long foretold:
Sing, O ye heavens! let earth rejoice again,
And all prepare for king Messiah's reign.

## CHAPTER II.

Situation of the Jews, from their dispersion to the present time, and the desolation of their land and city—Their restoration to the Land of Canaan—Rebuilding of Jerusalem and the Temple.

Lo! Judea's remnants—long dispersed abroad,
Without a prophet, king, or priest of God—
Have wandered exiles from their native home,
To darkness doomed, till their deliverance comes.
Their city, once so glorious to behold,
Their temple, decked with precious stones and gold,
The seat of wisdom, and the light of kings,
Where mighty nations did their tribute bring,
Have long remained in one wide ruin round,
And desolation reigned o'er all the ground.
But comfort ye my people, saith your God;
Proclaim the joyful tidings far abroad:
Thy sins are pardoned, and thy warfare o'er,
Thy sons and daughters now shall grieve no more;

But kings thy nursing fathers shall become;
Their ships, and beasts, and chariots bring thee home.
The Gentiles, in their arms, thy sons return;
Thy daughters on their shoulders shall be borne.
Trees crowned with fruit their fainting souls shall cheer,
Their desert land like Eden shall appear;
Their fields, where desolation long has reigned,
Shall now, be fenced, and tilled, and sowed again;
And flocks and herds, in plenty shall be seen,
O'er all the plains they feed in pastures green.
Thy ruined cities shall in splendor rise,
Thy lofty towers point upwards to the skies;
Thy temple reared, most glorious to behold,
Its courts adorned with precious stones and gold:
All things restored, as prophets long declared,
Thus king Messiah's way shall be prepared.

## CHAPTER III.

Situation of the remnant of Joseph from the fall of the Nephites A. D. 400, to the discovery of America by Columbus—Effect upon the natives at first view of European vessels—Kind reception of the Europeans by the natives—War with the Indians and their defeat—Rapid settlement of the eastern shores—The war renewed, subsequent sufferings of the Colonies—They again drive the red man—Their settlements advance to the Ohio and the lakes—Further struggle of the natives, their final submission.

Rise, heavenly muse, and leave those scenes of joy,
Awhile let other climes, thy pen employ,
Extend thy vision, cross the mighty deep,
And o'er Columbia's scenes in anguish weep.
See Joseph's remnants, long in darkness dwell,
Since by their hands a mighty nation fell.*
The light which once illumed their happy land,
Where towns and cities did in order stand,
Had slumbered long beneath their mouldering towers.
Their flowery landscape, and their shady bowers.

* The Nephites.

Had long been scenes of cruelty, and blood,
The scourge and wrath of an avenging God:
When lo! a scene of wonder, struck their view;
O'er the vast deep, an object strange and new,
Came gliding swiftly onward to the shore,
Part fish, part fowl, or something to adore;
They gazed, with admiration and delight,
As plainer still the object hove in sight:
Nor little dreamed, the Gentiles were at hand,
To smite and drive them, from their blessed land.
With warmest friendship, they their guests sustain,
Until too late, they find their struggles vain:
Whole fleets and armies, lined their lengthened shore;
With din of armour bright, and cannon's roar;
Their cities burned, and drenched with human gore,
They sunk in ruin, and were known no more.
See Gentile cities on a sudden rise,
Their lofty spires point upward to the skies,
Where late the shades, spread o'er the red man's grave,
A sacred bower in memory of the brave.
See boundless forests still around them spread,
From north to south, an immeasurable shade;

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Where mighty chieftains oft the signal gave,
And struggled long, their country for to save.
Tribes rose to vengeance while their councils rung,
And liberty still thundered from their tongues;
Onward they rushed with rage and wild despair,
The midnight war-whoop rent the darkened air;
While terror seized their unsuspecting prey,
And blood of infants marked their dreadful way!
Towns wrapped in flames and women captive led,
Where cruel torture filled their souls with dread.
Once more the Gentile stung with keen revenge;
Pursues the red skin o'er the woodland range,
Till darkened swamps become their wild retreat;
And there prepared, the advancing foe they meet.
With desperation they their cause maintain;
Till many a chieftain fell,—their struggle vain,
Till by superior force o'erpowered they yield,
And leave the pale-face master of the field.
From the St. Lawrence's snow invested wilds,
To Florida, where constant verdure smiles,
Their towns and cities sprinkle all the shore;
The midnight war-whoop there is heard no more.

But as their rapid settlements advance,
To the dark wilds, round Erie's vast expanse,
Or o'er the Alleghanies bend their course,
Where broad Ohio's waters have their source;
The natives roused once more in dread array,
Assert their rights, spread terror and dismay;
Till over-powered again, they take to flight,
And with reluctance yield their lawful right.
But tribes remoter still, with dread surprize,
Alarmed at their approach, vindictive rise,
Renew the conflict with redoubled force,
With dreadful slaughter mark their vengeful course,
Till checked by force superior to their own,
Again they fly discouraged and undone,
Reduced in numbers, give the struggle o'er,
Tamely submit, and seek their rights no more.

## CHAPTER IV.

The American Revolution—Its effects upon other nations—French Revolution—Revolution of Greece, Poland, &c.—Present prosperity of the United States of America—Present state of the Indians—Indian prayer.

Meantime the Gentiles break their foreign yoke,
While tyrants tremble at the dreadful stroke,
Assert their freedom, gain their liberty,
And to the world proclaim Columbia free.
O'er ocean's wave triumphant in the breeze,
Her banner floats o'er all the distant seas,
Where dire oppression, long with tyrant sway,
Had ruled mankind, and led them far astray.
With admiration seized, the nations all,
Filled with delight Columbia's deeds extol;
And gazing still, they catch the sacred fire,
And love of liberty their souls inspire.
While nations oft in their extended plan;
From slumber wake to claim the rights of man,

Empires o'erturned, and tyrants headlong hurled,
The voice of freedom echoes round the world.
First, France arose, in triumph led the way,
Till love of conquest led them far astray;
And dire ambition seized the helm of state,
Through seas of blood, where millions met their fate:
Till they reluctant give the struggle o'er,
And rest content with rights enjoyed before.
And next the Greeks their ancient spirit caught,
From long oppression roused they bravely fought,
They burst the Moslem chains emerging free,
Through seas of blood obtained their liberty.
Poland in turn received the sacred fire,
Her noble sons for freedom did aspire;
And struggling long at length they bravely fell.
But cease, my muse; the tale forbear to tell,
And turn again unto the favored shore,
Where freedom's genius kindly hovers o'er,
See states and nations joyfully extend,
Their wide domain almost from end to end;

From the far eastern shores of rugged Maine,
To wild Missouri's rich and flowery plains,
The harvest fields with rural plenty crowned;
And flowery gardens flourish all around;
The humble cottage and the lofty dome,
Each crowned with plenty form an equal home.
See on her lakes, and on her thousand streams,
Her vessels float impelled by sail or steam,
While busy commerce floats along her seas,
With sails expanded wide before the breeze;
Far o'er the wave her rich produce they bear,
And in return bring every kind of ware,
To clothe her sons, her daughters to array,
In linen fine and silk and purple gay;
Thus peace and plenty crown Columbia's soil,
A rich reward of industry and toil.
Lo! the poor Indian, if he chance to roam
O'er the wide fields he once could call his own;
Where oft in youth he sported in the chace,
Mourning the change, he scarcely knows the place;
With bursting heart his streaming eyes survey
The sacred mound where lies his father's clay.

O'erwhelmed with grief to heaven he lifts his eyes
Before the throne his prayers like incense rise:
Great Spirit of our fathers lend an ear,
Pity the red man—to his cries give ear,
Long hast thou scourged him with thy chastening sore,
When will thy vengeance cease, thy wrath be o'er;
When will the white man's dire ambition cease,
And let our scattered remnants dwell in peace?
Or shall we, (driven to the western shore)
Become extinct and fall to rise no more?
Forbid, great Spirit; make thy mercy known,
Reveal thy truth, thy wandering captives own,
Make bare thine arm of power for our release,
And o'er the earth extend the reign of peace.

## CHAPTER V.

Coming forth of the fulness of the Gospel—Restoration of the Indians and their gathering West of the Mississippi, by the present administration in fulfilment of prophecy—Commission and Ministry of the servants of God in the last dispensation—Commencement of the gathering of the Gentile Church—Their persecution and dispersion in fulfilment of prophecy, from which reflections are drawn on the subject of persecution in general—The enducment of the servants of God and their ministry among all nations—The power of God displayed in making bare his arm in the eyes of all nations—They flow to Zion—Possess the land in peace—Build up a holy city no more to be thrown down—The wars, earthquakes, pestilences, famines and signs in heaven above and earth beneath which are to precede the Millennium—The resurrection of the saints—The coming of Christ with all his saints—The burning of the wicked—The restitution of the earth with all its blessings.

Ye gloomy scenes far hence, intrude no more;
Sublimer themes invite the muse, to soar
In loftier strains, while scenes both strange and new,
Burst on the sight and open to the view.
Lo! from the opening heavens in bright array,
An angel comes, to earth he bends his way,

Reveals to man in power, as at the first,
The fulness of the Gospel long since lost.
See earth obedient from its bosom yeild!
The sacred truth it faithfully conceal'd,
The wise confounded startle at the sight,
The proud and haughty tremble with affright;
The hireling priests against the truth engage,
While hell beneath stands trembling filled with rage.
False are their hopes and all their struggles vain,
Their craft must fall and with it all their gain;
The deaf must hear, the meek their joy increase,
The poor be glad and their oppression cease.
See Congress stand in all the power of state,
Destined, like Cyrus, now to change the fate
Of Joseph's scattered remnants! long oppressed,
And bring them home unto a land of rest;
Beyond the Mississippi's rolling flood,
A land before ordained by Israel's God!
Where Zion's city shall in grandeur rise,
And fill the wondering nations with surprise.
From north, and south, and east behold them come
By tens of thousands to their destined home!

From heaven's king commissioned to proclaim
Repentance, and baptism in his name,
His servants to the Gentiles lift their voice,
While tens of thousands in the sound rejoice,
And they to Zion bend their joyful way,
With songs of joy and gladness hail the day.
The priests and people filled with dread surprise,
Alarm'd at their approach vindictive rise,
And lest the power of truth should still prevail,
They think to cause the prophecy to fail.
And if by fire and sword the saints they drive,
While other sects and parties grow and thrive,
As bloody persecution lifts her thong,
All parties cry at once, the saints are wrong:
For if they were the chosen of the Lord,
He would protect them and fulfil his word.
O fools, and slow of heart to understand
The prophecies concerning Zion's land.
Have ye not read the words of them of old?
When wrapt in vision clear they have foretold
The wicked deeds that you of late fulfill'd,
The scenes that have transpired on Zion's hill?

He that is truly wise will search and see,
He that's already blind more blind shall be;
One truth is clear, the ransom'd shall return,
Another is, the wicked shall be burned.
How vain the thoughts that stripes would change
the mind,
Convince the judgment and convert mankind,
Or cruel scourge of mobs with all their rage,
Make man believe that this enlightened age
Needs no repentance, faith, nor nothing more
Than the religion they enjoyed before.
If persecution were good argument,
Why not the Jews make ancient saints repent?
Paul of all men the hardest to reclaim,
Stoned, whipt, imprisoned, still remained the same;
Ten thousand heretics rejoiced in fire,
While priests for their conversion did aspire.
'Tis true the Romans many converts made,
When they the inquisition call'd to aid,
Perhaps these modern times have made a few,
Who turn'd from saints to join the drunken crew;
But persecution spreads the truth abroad,
Make servants bolder in the cause of God.

Adds to their numbers, twice ten thousand more,
And makes them stronger than they were before.
See men commission'd in Messiah's name,
Wide o'er the earth the joyful news proclaim;
While from on high the spirit's power descends
On all the saints that bow to his commands,
The deaf shall hear, the blind their sight receive,
The dumb shall sing with joy, the dying live,
The lame shall leap, and all mankind behold
Jehovah's arm made bare, like days of old.
While his elect to Zion gather home,
From every tribe and nation see them come.
See o'er the land where desolation reign'd,
The saints in peace, enjoy their rights again.
Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Zion rise,
Prepare to meet the city from the skies,
Let Joseph's remnants at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend,
While Gentile saints thy spacious courts shall throng,
And join their voices in the general song;
No more shall proud oppression drive the hence,
Nor terror come, for God is your defence

Come, gentle muse, suspend the joyful lay,
And o'er the earth let's take a wide survey;
Soft touch the lyre in slow and mournful strains,
And sing of scenes where death and sorrow reign;
See dire commotion seize the nations all,
While blood and war the stoutest hearts appal,
Kingdom on kingdom in confusion hurl'd,
System on system wreck'd throughout the world,
Sect against sect in bloody strife engage,
Man against man in single combat rage,
While widows mourn the loss of husbands slain,
And virgins for their bridegrooms weep in vain,
While pining famine wastes their strength by day,
And pestilence oft seizes on its prey;
Earthquakes in turn in bellowing fury roar,
And ocean's waves roll frightful to the shore.
See through the heavens the sun in sackcloth mourn,
The moon to blood in frowning anger turns,
The stars affrighted from their spheres are hurled,
System on system wreck'd and world on world,

Earth's whole foundation to the centre nods.
And nature trembling feels the power of God.
While Michael sounds the trumpet loud and long,
See from their graves the saints unnumbered throng;
See through the air the ocean and the earth,
Their dust reviving bursting into birth,
See bone to bone in perfect order fly,
While sinews, flesh, and skin their place supply;
And every hair all number'd in its place,
Immortal beauty does their temples grace.
Thus formed anew with joy they mount on high,
And wing their passage to the upper sky;
Meantime the heavens rend while wrapt in fire,
The nations see the glory of Messiah!
With all the saints to earth he bends his way;
In flames descends, who can abide the day?
The great, the rich, the mighty loudly call,
Saying, ye rocks and mountains on us fall.
But fire consumes the wicked, branch and root,
And leaves their ashes trodden under foot.
Behold the Mount of Olives rend in twain,
While on its top he sets his feet again!

The islands at his word obedient flee!
While to the north he rolls the mighty sea!
Restores the earth in one, as at the first,
With all its blessings, and removes the curse.

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## CHAPTER VI.

The binding of Satan—Pouring out of the spirit upon all flesh—Harmony of all the beasts of the earth, while peace and the knowledge and glory of God shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea—The faith of Abel the first martyr—Enoch's song—The testimony of many of the holy prophets and apostles—And the general expectation of all the saints in all nations and generations.

Lo! Satan bound in chains shall rage no more.
Nor tempt mankind till thousand years are o'er;
But perfect peace and harmony extend
Their wide domain to earth's remotest ends,
All flesh shall feel the spirit from on high,
The wolf and lamb in peace together lie.
The cow and bear shall feed in pastures green,
While in the shade their young ones shall be seen.
The lion cease to be a beast of prey,
And like the harmless ox shall feed on hay;
The little child secure from harm shall stray
O'er poisonous serpent's dens shall fearless play;

In all God's holy Mount shall naught destroy,
But men for pruning hooks their spears employ;
Their swords to ploughshares turned, shall till the ground,
While plenteous harvests flourish all around,
And earth o'erwhelm'd with knowledge of the Lord,
Like as the waters fill the mighty flood;
While king Messiah reigns the king of kings,
And saints and angels join his praise to sing.
Hail glorious day, by prophets long foretold;
And sought by holy men from days of old;
Who found it not, but readily confessed,
As pilgrims here, they sought a promised rest.
Hear Abel groan, as first he yields to death,
And is succeeded by his brother Seth;
He dies in faith to wait till Christ appears;
To rise and reign with him a thousand years.
Hear Enoch too, the wondrous scene foretell,
While future glories did his bosom swell;
The vail was rent, while wonders strange and new
Before him rose, and opened to his view.

Long, long he heard the earth in anguish mourn;
Saw heaven weep, while oft his bowels yearn'd;
While all eternity, with pain beheld
The scenes of sorrow which his bosom swell'd:
He saw the Lamb on Calvary expire,
While rocks were rent, and cities wrapt in fire;
He saw him burst the tomb, and mount on high
Enthroned in glory 'mid the upper sky.
Obtain'd the promise, he would come again
To earth, in triumph with his saints to reign:
His soul was glad with joy he tuned the lyre;
And sung the glorious reign of king Messiah.

Hosanna to the Lamb that shall be slain;
All hail the day when Zion comes again;
Out of the earth the truth in power he sends,
While righteousness from heaven shall descend,
And these shall sweep the earth as with a flood,
To gather out the purchase of his blood;
Unto the Zion which he shall prepare;
And Enoch with his city meet them there,
When all the ransom'd saints shall join the lay,
And shout Hosanna in eternal day.

Wide o'er the earth, the Saviour's name extend;
And peace o'er all prevail from end to end.
Thus Enoch sang, while all the heavenly choir;
Join'd in Hosanna to the king Messiah.
Noah too, by faith beheld the scene afar;
And as a type, he did the ark prepare.
Condemned the world, by water overthrown,
While to his view the light triumphant shone,
He gazed with joy on all the glorious scene,
But mourn'd the darkness that should roll between.
Abram with joy beheld the day of rest;
When in his seed all nations should be bless'd,
And gladly wandered as a pilgrim here;
And fell asleep to wait till Christ appears—
In sure and certain hope to rise and reign
In Canaan's land, a right he had obtained.
Isaac and Jacob had the glorious view,
Rejoiced in death and so did Joseph too;
While patient Job in pain look'd far away,
Saw his Redeemer in the latter day,

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Stand on the earth, while he himself should rise,
And in the flesh behold him with his eyes.
Moses and Joshua, Samuel and Isaiah,
Did each in turn this solemn truth declare;
While David tuned the lyre in joyful lays,
Spake of Messiah's reign, and sung his praise.
Ezekiel, Daniel, Joel, Zachariah,
And Malachi, have spoken of Messiah;
When he should set his feet on earth again,
Burn up the proud, and o'er the nations reign.
Jesus and Peter, John and James, and Paul,
The time would fail me here to mention all;
Who wrapt in vision clear in turn foretold,
The day of wonders I would fain unfold.
Lehi, Nephi, Alma and Mosiah,
Abinedi, who once rejoiced in fire;
Mormon, Moroni and Ether testified;
For this they lived, and in this faith they died:
And all the saints of God in all the earth,
Down from old Adam to the latest birth;
And all the vast creations which extend,
Through boundless space till man can find no end,

And all the heavenly host around the throne,
Shall sound his praise in reverential tone.
Millions unnumber'd at his feet shall fall,
Hail him as king, and crown him Lord of all.

# HISTORICAL SKETCH

FROM THE

# CREATION TO THE PRESENT DAY.

In Three Parts.

---

## PART FIRST.

When earth's foundation first was laid,
The heavens in order stood;
And all the works God's hand had made,
His word pronounced good.

But soon the happy scene was changed,
For man to whom 'twas given,
To choose the way of life or death,
Trangressed the law of heaven.

And thus the evil seed was sown,
And death through all their race;
In which creation long has groaned;
In pain to be released.

'T was then the scene of love began
To be revealed on earth;
By angels borne from heaven to man
The gospel's heavenly birth.

The God of heaven shall send his son,
For man to bleed and die;
And rise again that man may rise,
And reign with him on high.

Repentance and baptism then
By angels were revealed,
The holy ghost descending down,
The heirs of glory seal'd.

Thus men began to exercise
Their faith in Jesus' word,
With joy to embrace the gospel plan,
And call upon the Lord.

But many then would not believe,
  But soon forgot the Lord;
Soon Enoch rose with mighty power,
  Being call'd to preach the word.

He preach'd repentance and baptized,
  Through all the happy land,
The people who in Zion dwelt,
  Were of one heart and mind.

At length the city was not found,
  For God received it up;
The residue were left to drown,
  And in the prison shut.

But Noah the Eighth was saved by faith,
  When warn'd an ark to build,
And seven of his family,
  From whom the earth was fill'd.

PART SECOND.

Again the nations left the Lord
To worship stocks and stones,
Forgot the wonders of the flood,
And sunk in darkness down;

And then again was God reveal'd
To Abram, his friend,
Called him to leave his house and home,
To view a chosen land.

To thee and to thy seed, he said,
I give this blessed land,
Though like the stars for multitude,
And numerous as the sand.

But Abraham died a stranger in
The land 'twas to him given,
Nor owned a place to set his foot,
On it beneath the heaven.

His seed possessed it for a while,
Became a sinful host;
And then ten tribes were led away,
And to our knowledge lost.

From time to time were led away,
Of Israel's chosen seed,
Dispersed o'er islands of the sea,
As all the prophets read.

And thus the ages rolled away,
The appointed time drew near,
As all the prophets had declared
That Christ must soon appear.

John, like a bright and morning star
Rose to prepare his way,
Proclaimed repentance, and baptized
Whoever would obey.

The son of God at length appeared,
And was baptized by John,
The Father sent the spirit down
And owned him for his son.

He to his own the gospel preached,
His own received him not,
Despised all his mighty works,
And counted him as naught.

At length their Lord they crucified,
While nature stood amazed,
The solid rocks in sunder rent,
While Jew and Gentile gazed.

But soon the third bright morn appeared,
When, rising from the dead,
To his disciples he appeared
And thus unto them said:

PART THIRD.

Go ye, and preach in all the world,
Baptizing in my name,
He that believes and is baptized
Salvation shall obtain.

Then rising from Mount Olivet
Unto his Father's throne,
On high to reign until he claims
The kingdoms for his own.

His servants then, in mighty power,
Soon made his gospel known,
The Jews reject while Gentiles come,
And glad their Saviour own.

The Jews dispersed through all the earth,
Jerusalem trodden down,
In desolation long has lain,
And cursed has been the ground.

The Gentile churches for a while
Produced the natural fruit,
Being grafted in the natural vine,
Partaking of the root.

But soon the fruit became corrupt,
By flatteries and lies,
Teachers in pride were puffed up,
The simple truth despised.

Great Babylon at length arose,
In mighty power to reign,
Nations and kings became corrupt,
And many saints were slain.

The scriptures of their plainness robbed,
And mystery thrown around,
That men might sup her golden cup,
And all true knowledge drown.

Thus generations long have passed,
And age on ages rolled,
The latter day approaching fast,
Its glories to unfold.

Our fathers of the Gentile race
Traversed the western main,
And found a wide extended land,
Of valley, hill, and plain.

This land was peopled with a race,
Which long had dwelt alone,
No record nor tradition traced
Their origin unknown.

The Lord in mercy has disclosed
The truth so long concealed,
The record found beneath the ground
Has glorious things revealed.

This is the land which Moses blessed,
To Joseph and his seed;
These are the everlasting hills,
'T was for his bounds decreed.

## CHARITY AND TRUE PATRIOTISM.

Behold the man whose tender heart
Expanded with a Saviour's love,
Wide as eternity expands,
His bowels with compassion move.

He looks on Zion from afar,
He hears the captive exiles groan,
Then leaves his wife and children dear,
His brethren and his peaceful home.

And hastens at his Lord's command
To call his brethren from afar,
As volunteers for Zion's land,
That in her sorrows they may share.

He dare assert her injured cause,
And sound the trump of freedom when
They trample on his country's laws,
And disregard both God and man.

His distant brethren hear the sound,
And rise to march to Zion's land;
Behold the armies gathering round
Against the powers of hell to stand.

The little stone begins to roll,
It shall prevail and never cease,
But fill the earth from pole to pole
With freedom, union, love and peace.

## THE OPENING OF THE DISPENSATION OF THE FULNESS OF TIMES.

When earth in bondage long had lain,
And darkness o'er the nations reigned,
And all man's precepts proved in vain,
A perfect system to obtain:

A voice commissioned from on high;
Hark, hark, it is the angel's cry,
Descending from the throne of light,
His garments shining clear and white.

He comes the gospel to reveal
In fulness, to the sons of men;
Lo! from Cumorah's lonely hill,
There comes a record of God's will!

Translated by the power of God,
His voice bears record to his word;
Again an angel did appear,
As witnesses do record bear.

Restored the priesthood, long since lost,
In truth and power as at the first,
Thus men commissioned from on high,
Came forth and did repentance cry.

Baptizing those who did believe,
That they the spirit might receive,
In fullness as in days of old,
And have one shepherd and one fold.

SECOND PART.

Ye Gentile nations, cease your strife,
And listen to the words of life;
Turn from your sins with one accord,
Prepare to meet your coming Lord.

Let Judah's remnants far and near
The glorious proclamation hear,
For Israel and the Gentiles too,
The way to Zion shall pursue.

Their voices and their tongues employ
In songs of everlasting joy;
The mountains and the hills rejoice,
Let all creation hear his voice.

From north to south, from east to west,
In thee all nations shall be blessed,
When Abram and his seed shall stand
Unnumbered on the promised land.

## CHRIST'S MINISTRY TO THE NEPHITES.

The solid rocks were rent in twain,
When Christ the Lamb of God was slain;
The sun in darkness veiled his face,
The mountains moved and left their place.

And all creation groaned in pain
Till the Messiah rose again;
When earth did cease her dreadful groans,
The sun unveiled his face and shone;

The righteous that were spared alive,
With joy and wonder did believe,
And soon together they convened
Conversing on the things they'd seen:

Which had been given for a sign,
When lo, they heard a voice divine,
And as the heavenly voice they heard
The Lord of glory soon appeared.

SECOND PART.

With joy and wonder all amazed,
Upon their glorious Lord they gazed,
And wist not what the vision meant
But thought it was an angel sent.

While in their midst he smiling stood,
Proclaimed himself the son of God,
He said come forth and feel and see,
That you may witness bear of me.

And when they all had felt and seen
Where once the nails and spear had been,
Hosanna they aloud proclaimed,
And blessed and praised his holy name,

He then proceeded to make plain
His gospel to the sons of men,
The prophecies he did unfold,
Yea, things that were in days of old.

And every thing that should transpire
Till element should melt with fire,
Commanding them for to record
The sayings of their risen Lord;

That generation should be blessed,
And with him in his kingdom rest;
But, O! what scenes of sorrow rolled
When he the future did unfold!

PART THIRD.

Four generations should not pass
Until they'd turn from righteousness,
The Nephite nation be destroyed!
The Lamanites reject his word,

The gospel taken from their midst,
The record of their fathers hid,
They dwindle long in unbelief,
And ages pass without relief.

Until the Gentiles from afar,
Should smite them in a dreadful war,
And take possession of their land,
And they should have no power to stand.

But as their remnants wander far,
In darkness, sorrow and despair,
Lo! from the earth their record comes
To gather Israel to their homes.

First to the Gentiles 'tis revealed,
The prophecy must be fulfilled;
That they may know and understand
His gospel, and no more contend.

Hear! O ye Gentiles, and repent,
To you is this salvation sent;
God to the Gentiles lifts his hand,
To gather Israel to their land.

## THE NEPHITES, LAMANITES AND GENTILES.

O who that has search'd in the records of old,
And read the last scenes of distress;
Four and twenty were left who with Mormon beheld,
While their nation lay mouldering to dust.

The Nephites destroyed, the Lamanites dwelt,
For ages in sorrow unknown;
Generations have pass'd, till the Gentiles at last,
Have divided their lands as their own.

O, who that has seen o'er the wide spreading plain
The Lamanites wander forlorn,
While the Gentiles in pride and oppression divide
The land they could once call their own.

And who that believes does not long for the hour
When sin and oppression shall cease,
And truth, like the rainbow, display through the shower,
That bright written promise of peace.

O, thou afflicted and sorrowful race,
The days of thy sorrow shall end;
The Lord has pronounced you a remnant of His,
Descended from Abram his friend.

Thy stones with fair colors most glorious shall stand,
And sapphires all shining around;
Thy windows of agates in this glorious land,
And thy gates with carbuncles abound.

With songs of rejoicing to Zion return,
And sorrow and sighing shall flee;
The powers of heaven among you come down,
And Christ in the centre will be.

And then all the watchmen shall see eye to eye.
When the Lord shall bring Zion again;
The wolf and the kid down together shall lie,
And the lion shall dwell with the lamb.

The earth shall be filled with knowledge of God.
And nothing shall hurt or destroy,
And these are the tidings we have to proclaim,—
Glad tidings abounding with joy.

## THE HARMONY OF NATURE, OR FREEDOM, PEACE, AND LOVE.

Hark! listen to the gentle breeze,
O'er hill or valley, plain or grove,
It whispers in the ears of man,
The voice of freedom, peace and love.

The flowers that bloom o'er all the land,
In harmony and order stand,
Nor hatred, pride or envy know,
In freedom, peace and love they grow.

The birds their numerous notes resound,
In songs of praise the earth around,
Their voices and their tongues employ,
In songs of freedom, love and joy.

And then behold the crystal stream,
With multitudes of fishes teem;
In silent joy they live and move,
In freedom, union, peace and love.

## SECOND PART.

The mountains high, the rivers clear,
Where heaven sheds her dews and tears,
In silence, or with gentle roar,
The God of love and peace adore.

The earth, and air, and sea, and sky,
The holy spirit from on high,
And angels who above do reign,
Cry peace on earth, good will to men.

But most of all a Saviour's love,
Was manifested from above,
He died and rose to life again,
Our freedom, love and peace to gain.

But man,—vile man, alone seems lost,
With hatred, pride and envy tossed,
His hardened soul does seldom move,
In freedom, union, peace or love.

For him, let all creation mourn;
O'er him did Enoch's bosom yearn,
Till he was promised from above,
A day of freedom, peace and love.

## INHERITANCE OF THE SAINTS.

"Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth."

This earth shall be a blessed place,
To saints celestial given;
Where Christ again shall show his face,
With the redeemed of Adam's race,
In clouds descend from heaven.

Yes, when he comes on earth again,
The wicked burn as stubble;
Thus all his enemies are slain,
And o'er the nations he shall reign,
And end the scenes of trouble.

The trump of war is heard no more,
But all their strife is ended;
While Jesus shall all things restore
To order, as they were before,
And peace o'er all extended.

Sing, O ye heavens! let earth rejoice,
While saints shall flow to Zion,
And rear the temple of his choice,
And in its courts unite their voice,
In praise to Judah's Lion.

Hosanna to the reign of peace!
The day so long expected;
When earth shall find a full release,
The groanings of creation cease,
The righteous well protected.

Come, sound his praise in joyful strains,
Who dwell beneath his banner;
He'll bind old Satan fast in chains,
And wide o'er earth's extended plains,
The nations shout *Hosanna.*

## REDEMPTION OF ZION.

Lo, far in the realms of Misssouri,
When peace crowns the meek and the lowly,
The loud storms of envy and folly
May roll all their billows in vain.

The wicked, with evil intention,
May rouse all their powers of invention,
With lying, intrigue and contention,
Their end will be sorrow and pain.

The saints, crowned with songs of rejoicing,
To Zion shall flow from all nations,
Escaping the great conflagration,
They find out the regions of peace.

Though scattered and driven asunder,
As exiles and pilgrims to wander,
A scene on which angels do ponder;
Yet Jesus will bring their release.

When empires of Babel shall tumble,
Their fabrics in ashes shall crumble,
The Lord will provide for the humble
A city of refuge and peace.

There, there the Lord will deliver
The soul of each faithful believer,
And save them forever and ever,
And sorrow and sighing shall cease.

The saints for those blessings aspire,
And wait with exceeding desire,
Till earth shall be cleansed by fire,
And they their inheritance gain.

Hosanna, such blessings inspire
A song from the heavenly choir,
They sing of the coming Messiah,
From heaven in glory to reign.

## REFLECTIONS ON A SUMMER EVENING.

Another day has fled and gone,
The sun declines in western skies,
The birds retired, have ceased their song.
Let ours in pure devotion rise.

The moon her splendid course resumes,
She sheds her light o'er land and sea,
The gentle dews in soft perfumes
Fall sweetly o'er each herb and tree.

While here in meditation sweet,
Those happy hours I call to mind,
When with the saints I oft have met,
Our hearts in pure devotion joined.

Those friends afar I call to mind,
When shall we meet again below;
Their hearts affectionate and kind,
How did they soothe my grief and woe.

As flow'rets in their brightest bloom,
Are withered by the chilling blast,
So man's fond hopes are like a dream,
His days how fleet, how swift they pass.

But cease this melancholy moan,
Nor sigh for those who will not come,
For Israel surely will return
To Zion and Jerusalem.

There is a source of pure delight
For ever shall support my heart:
For Zion's land's revealed to sight,
Where saints will meet no more to part.

## MISSION OF THE TWELVE.

How fleet the precious moments roll,
How soon the harvest will be o'er:
The watchmen seek their final rest,
And lift a warning voice no more.

Another year has roll'd away
And took its thousands to the tomb;
Its sorrows and its joys are fled,
To hasten on the general doom.

And eighteen hundred thirtyfive.
Is rolling swiftly on the wing,
And soon the leaves and tendrils thrive;
A token of returning spring.

The fulness of the gospel shines
With glorious and resplendent rays;
The earth and heav'ns show forth their signs,
As tokens of the latter days.

SECOND PART.

Ye chosen twelve, to you are given,
The keys of this last ministry—
To every nation under heaven,
From land to land, from sea to sea.

First to the Gentiles sound the news
Throughout Columbia's happy land,
And then before it reach the Jews,
Prepare on Europe's shores to stand.

Let Europe's towns and cities hear
The gospel tidings angels bring;
The Gentile nations far and near,
Prepare their hearts His praise to sing.

India's and Afric's sultry plains
Must hear the tidings as they roll—
Where darkness, death and sorrow reign.
And tyranny has long controlled.

Listen, ye islands of the sea—
For every isle shall hear the sound:
Nations and tongues before unknown,
Though long since lost, shall soon be found.

And then again shall Asia hear,
Where angels first the news proclaimed:
Eternity shall record bear,
And earth repeat the loud, Amen.

The nations catch the pleasing sound,
And Jew and Gentile swell the strain,
Hosanna o'er the earth resound,
Messiah then will come to reign.

## FAREWELL.

Farewell, my kind and faithful friend—
The partner of my early youth,
While from my home my steps I bend,
To warn mankind and teach the truth.

How oft in silent evening mild,
I to some lonely place retire—
Thy love and kindness call to mind,
Then lift a voice in humble prayer.

O Lord, extend thine arms of love,
Around the partner of my heart,
For thou hast spoken from above,
And called me with my all to part.

Preserve her soul in perfect peace,
From sickness, sorrow and distress,
Until our pilgrimage shall cease.
And we on Zion's hill shall rest.

How gladly would my soul retire
With thee, to spend a peaceful life,
In some sequestered humble vale,
Far from the scenes of noise and strife.

Where men should grieve our souls no more,
Nor rage of sin disturb our peace;
Our troubles, toils and sufferings o'er,
Their lies and persecutions cease.

PART SECOND.

But lo! the harvest wide extends—
The fields are white o'er all the plain—
The tares in bundles must be bound,
While we with care secure the grain.

Shall we repine when Jesus calls,
Or count the sacrifice too great,
To spend our lives as pilgrims here,
Or loose them for the gospel's sake?

When Jesus Christ has done the same,
Without a place to lay his head,
A pilgrim on the earth he came,
Until for us his blood was shed.

Shall we behold the nations doomed
To sword and famine, blood and fire,
Yet not the least exertion make,
But from the scene in peace retire?

No; while his love for me extends,
The pattern makes my duty plain—
I'll sound to earth's remotest ends,
His gospel to the sons of men!

Farewell, my kind and faithful friend,
Until we meet on earth again—
For soon our pilgrimage shall end,
And the Messiah come to reign.

## REFLECTIONS.

IN PRISON, APRIL, 1839.

O freedom, must thy spirit now withdraw
From earth, returning to its native heaven,
There to dwell, till armed with sevenfold vengence
It comes again to earth with king Messiah,
And all his marshalled hosts in glory bright,
To tread the winepress of Almighty God,
And none escape?—ye powers of heaven forbid;—
Let freedom linger still on shores of time,
And in the breasts of thine afflicted saints,
Let freedom find a peaceful retirement,—
A place of rest;—till o'er the troubled earth—
Mercy, justice, and eternal truth,
While journeying hand in hand to exalt the humble
And debase the proud, shall find some nation

Poor, oppressed, afflicted and despised,
Cast out and trodden under foot of tyrants
Proud, the hiss, the bye-word, and the scorn of knaves:—
And there let freedom's spirit wide prevail.
And grow, and flourish—'mid the humble poor,
Exhalted and enriched by virtue,
Knowledge, temperance, and love—till o'er the earth
Messiah comes to reign;—the proud consumed.
No more oppress the poor.—
Let Freedom's eagle then, (forthcoming, like
The Dove from Noah's Ark) on lofty pinions soar,
And spread its wide domain from end to end,
O'er all the vast expanse of this wide earth,—
While freedom's Temple rears its lofty spires
Amid the skies, and on its bosom rests!
A cloud by day and flaming fire by night!!
But stay, my spirit, though thou feign would'st soar
On high; mid scenes of glory, peace and joy;
From bondage free, and bid thy jail farewell:—

HISTORIAN'S OFFICE
Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints
47 E. South Temple St.

Stop,—wait awhile,—let patience have her perfect
work,
Return again to suffering scenes through which
The way to glory lies; and speak of things
Around thee,—thou art in prison still.

But spring has now returned, the wintry blasts
Have ceased to howl through my prison crevices.
The soft and gentle breezes of the south
Are whistling gayly past; and incense sweet
On zephyr's wing, with fragrance fills the air,
Wafted from blooming flowrets of the spring;
While round my lonely dungeon oft is heard
Melodious strains as if the birds of spring
In anthems sweet conspired to pity and
Console the drooping spirits there confined.

All things around me show that days, and weeks,
And months have fled, although to me not mark'd
By sabbaths—and but faintly mark'd by dim
And sombre rays of light alternate mid
The gloom of overhanging night which still
Pervades my drear and solitary cell.
Where now those helpless ones I left to mourn?

Have they perished? no.—what then!—has some
Elijah call'd and found them in the last
Extreme, and multiplied their meal and oil?
Yes, verily,—the Lord has fill'd the hearts
Of his poor saints with everlasting love,
Which, in proportion to their poverty,
Increased with each increasing want, till all
Reduced unto the widow's mite and then
Like her, their living they put in, and thus
O'erflowed the treasury of the Lord with more
Abundant stores than all the wealth of kings.
And thus supported, fed, and clothed; and moved
From scenes of sorrow to a land of peace—
They live!—and living still they do rejoice
In tribulation deep:
Well knowing their redemption draweth nigh!

## THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

WRITTEN IN PRISON.

Boast not, O proud Niagara! although
Thou mayest withstand the ravages of time,
While countless millions swept away with all
Their mighty works, are lost in following years:
Yet there is a voice to speak, long and loud!
'Tis Michael's trump, whose mighty blast shall rend
Thy rocks, and bow thy lofty mountains in the dust.
Before whose awful presence thy waters
Blush in retiring modesty; and in
Respectful silence thou shalt stand, and listening,
Wonder and admire, while thunders roll
Majestic round the sky;—the lightnings play,—
The mountains sink,— the valleys rise,—till earth,

Restored to its original—receives
Its final rest, and groans and sighs no more.
Till then weep on, and let thy voice ascend,
In solemn music to the skies;—it is
A funeral dirge,—thou weepest o'er the miseries
Of a fallen world—in anguish deep.

## SPRING.

WRITTEN IN PRISON, APRIL, 1839.

See nature bursting into life and bloom:
Joyous, it rises from its wintry tomb,
Decked in pure robes of purple, white, or green:
Perfumed with incense sweet—O lovely scene!
Melodious sounds, with music soft and sweet,
Thrill through the air—thy joyous presence greet.
Behold, O Mary! and remember too,
There is a spring to bloom for me and you;—
We, like the spring, shall burst the sullen gloom,

All clothed in white—eternally to bloom.
We too, will join the choir his praise to sing,
And hail the welcome of Eternal Spring.

## SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

WRITTEN IN PRISON.

Lift up your heads, ye scattered saints,
Redemption draweth nigh;
Our Saviour hears the orphans' plaints';
The widow's mournful cry.

The blood of those who have been slain
For vengeance cries aloud:
Nor shall its cries ascend in vain,
For vengeance on the proud.

The signs in heaven and earth appear;
And blood, and smoke, and fire;
Men's hearts are failing them for fear;
Redemption's drawing nigher.

Earthquakes are bellowing 'neath the ground,
And tempests through the air;—
The trumpet's blast with fearful sound,
Proclaims the alarm of war.

The saints are scattered to and fro,
Through all the earth abroad;
The gospel trump again to blow,
And then behold their God.

Rejoice, ye servants of our God,
Who to the end endure;
Rejoice, for great is your reward,
And your defence is sure.

Although this body should be slain
By cruel, wicked hands;
I'll praise my God in higher strains,
And on Mount Zion stand.

Glory to God, ye saints rejoice,
And sigh and groan no more;
But listen to the spirit's voice;
Redemption's at the door.

## BIRTHDAY

IN PRISON, APRIL 12, 1839.

This is the day that gave me birth
In eighteen hundred seven;
From worlds unseen I came to earth,
Far from my native heaven.

Thirty and two long years have pass'd,
To grief and sorrow given;
And now to crown my woes at last
I am confined in prison.

'Tis not for crimes that I have done
That to my foes I'm given,
But to the world I am unknown,
And my reward's in heaven.

What troubled scenes may yet ensue
To strew my path with sorrow,
Is not for me to know, 'tis true,
I boast not of to-morrow.

One thing is sure, this life at best
Is like a troubled ocean;
I often wish myself at rest
From all its dire commotion.

But let its troubled bosom heave,
Its surges beat around me;
To truth, eternal truth, I cleave,
Its floods can never drown me.

HISTORIAN'S OFFICE
Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints
47 E. South Temple St.
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

## ZION IN CAPTIVITY.

A LAMENTATION.

WRITTEN IN PRISON.

Torn from our friends and captive led,
'Mid armed legions bound in chains,
That peace for which our fathers bled
Is gone, and dire confusion reigns.

Zion, our peaceful happy home,
Where oft we joined in praise and prayer,
A desolation has become,
And grief and sorrow linger there.

Her virgins sigh, her widows mourn,
Her children for their parents weep;
In chains her priests and prophets groan,
While some in deaths cold arms do sleep.

Exultingly her savage foes
Now ravage, steal and plunder, where
A virgin's tears, a widow's woes,
Became their song of triumph there.

How long, O Lord, wilt thou forsake
The saints who tremble at thy word?
Awake, O arm of God, awake—
And teach the nations thou art God.

Descend with all thy holy throng,
The year of thy redeem'd bring near;
Haste—haste the day of vengeance on—
Bid Zion's children dry their tears.

Deliver, Lord, thy captive saints,
And comfort those who long have mourn'd;
Bid Zion cease her dire complaints,
And all creation cease to groan.

## OUR COUNTRY.

AN EXTRACT.

WRITTEN IN PRISON.

Here nature too, her grandest works display;
Sublimest themes inspire the Poet's lays,
As if creative power in skill progressed,
As onward still it moved towards the west.

Till here it finished with a master hand
Its mightiest works—to excel all other lands.
In awful majesty our mountains rise,
O'erlook the clouds, and tower amid the skies,
Their lofty summits bid defiance bold,
They fear no rival heights in older worlds.

'Tis true Himmaleh, (Asia's highest peak,)
Has dared with Chimborazo to compete;

But then our rocky summits—scarce explored
Some nameless rival heights may yet afford;
Whose towering pride shall seize the starry crown,
And cast Himmaleh, humbled, to the ground.

Our proud volcanoes, belching forth their flames,
With smoke and lava, overwhelm the plains;
Their lightnings play—their awful thunders roar,
Convulse the earth and sea from shore to shore.
Among them Cotopaxi's awful voice
Would silence Etna,—drown Vesuvius' noise;
While Europe wondering listens to admire
The power superior of Columbia's fires.

Our lakes, like inland seas expanding wide,
Have not a parallel on earth beside.
Ontario, Erie, Huron, Michigan,
And vast Superior form the mighty plan,
Their waves like oceans wash the verdant shore,
In western wilds too boundless to explore.

Can Europe, Africa, or Asia boast
A lake compared with these in all their coasts?

Our rivers too, pursue their lengthened way,
From far off mountains to the distant sea,
Through fertile vales,—the flowery meads along,
And chiming still their gently murmuring song:
Receiving grateful tribute as they run,
From thousand streams all mingling into one.

Lo! wild Missouri's waters have their source
In unknown regions to the west and north,
From limpid lakes or from the mountain snows,
From thousand springing streams its current flows;
Mid vast prairies, winds its lengthened way,
Two thousand miles where savage hunters stray,
Then quits its wildly wanderings to receive
The busy hum of commerce on its wave.

Two thousand more its rapid current flows,
Receiving still large rivers as it goes,
Young Empires flourish all along its tide,
And joyous cities rise on every side.
What is the boasted Nile compared with this?
Its magnitude is lost in nothingness,

Asia and Europe's longest, proudest streams
'Longside Missouri's tide how short they seem!
Our cataracts too, in grandeur far outvie,
The noblest waterfalls beyond the sea.
See grand Niagara's stream majestic glide,
The venturous steamer floating on its tide:
Its limpid waters draining half a world,
Into the yawning gulf are headlong hurled,
And for a moment lose the light of day,—
Dash on the rocks—then rise in misty spray.

The playful sunbeams trembling kiss its tears,
And from this loved embrace the bow appears;
Commingling colors of the liveliest hue
From purple red, to yellow, pink, and blue.
These mingling join the sportive, airy dance,
Their beauty half concealed from vulgar glance;
Now veil'd in clouds—now bursting to the view
In blushing modosty, the dance renew;
While music rolls in awful, solemn sound,
Heard in the distance, many leagues around.

Or turn to Tequendama's awful steep,
See wild Bogota's waters boldy leap,
Down from the lofty Andes' heights of snow,
To flowery plains, where spring's soft breezes blow:
'Mid scenes of majesty unrival'd stand,
And view the wonders of Columbia's land.
Our climate stretching far through every zone,
Presents variety elsewhere unknown.
Lo! in the North eternal winter reigns,
And binds the ocean in his icy chains;
Locked in the stupor of his cold embrace
All nature seems to sleep:—yet here we trace
Some signs of life,—of joy, and happiness,
Some icy cottage of domestic bliss,
Where love sits smiling, (from the blast secure)
In native modesty,—with soul as pure,
And chaste, and lovely, as their virgin snows,
While to the chase her lord, or lover goes;
And if per chance he takes a Bear, or Seal,
Amid the dangers of the icy field,
Returns in triumph to his humble cot
Where lost in love his troubles are forgot.

Our northern states present a clime severe,
Where wintry blasts are howling half the year;
But spring arising from its wintry tomb,
Renew'd in freshness sheds a sweet perfume;
Decked in pure robes of purple, white or green,
Adorned with flowrets bright:—O, lovely scene!
Melodious sounds of music, soft and sweet
Thrill through the air,—it's joyous welcome greet.
There autumn's richest blessings crown the year,
And there the rose on beauty's cheek appears.

Our southern climes for mildness may compare,
With Italy, and France, whose gentle air
Became the subject of the Poet's dream,
Or breathed in music soft, the lover's theme.
There rapturous passions kindle in the soul
Their warmest fires,—impatient of control:
There love's soft graces beam in woman's eye
And beauty's cheek is tinged with paler dye.
There balmy sweets perfume the breath of morn,
And shady groves the noonday walks adorn;
While gentle zephyrs kiss the blushing flowers,
And healthful breezes cool the evening hours.

Our soil, with Eden's garden would compare,
Nay more,—forbidden fruit was growing there;
But here the trees of life and knowledge stand
revcal'd,
And free to all,—no poison is conceal'd
In wisdom's fruit,—Our Eves may satisfy
Their souls with knowledge here; nor fear to die.

## O, MISSOURI, HOW ART THOU FALLEN!

WRITTEN IN PRISON.

Missouri, a country how sad and how low,
How fallen from glory, from freedom, from
pride,
O, would that oblivion its mantle would throw
O'er thee, and the depth of thy wickedness hide.

Thou should'st never rejoice—think not of the day
When Columbia for freedom first struggled so
bold,
When thousands assembled in battle ar.ay,
The star-spangled banner of freedom unfurled;

Think not of the patriots that bled in her cause,
Who met all undaunted the foemen's dark brow,
They gave to their country beneficent laws
Of right and protection but where are they now?

Disturb not the rest of the free and the brave,
Enshrined deep in honor they sweetly repose,
They swore that the banner of freedom should wave
O'er their dear native land regardless of foes.

But thou, O Missouri, hast trampled on all
That free men would fight for or patriots feel.
O thou queen of the west how great is thy fall--
Thy wounds deep and deadly no balsam can heal.

Let us fly, let us fly to the land where the light
Of Liberty's stars still illumine each spot,
Where the cottager's smile for ever is bright,
And the chains of a tyrant encircle us not.

In the fair Illinois the eagle's bold wing
Is stretched o'er a people determined and free,
And the shouts of her sons in melody ring
O'er her bower covered groves and fine prairie.

## A NEW YEAR'S SONG.

This morning in silence I ponder and mourn,
O'er the scenes that have passed no more to return,
How vast are the labors, the troubles and fears,
Of eight hundred millions who've toiled through the year.

How many ten thousands were slain by their foes,
While widows and orphans have mourn'd o'er their woes,
While pestilence, famine and earthquakes appear,
And signs in the heavens throughout the past year.

How many been murder'd and plunder'd and robb'd,
How many oppressed and driven by mobs,
How oft have the heaven's bedewed with their tears
The earth o'er the scenes they beheld the past year.

But the day-star has dawn'd o'er the land of the bless'd,
The first beams of morning, the morning or rest;
When cleans'd from pollution the earth shall appear
As the garden of Eden, and peace crown the year.

Then welcome the new year, I hail with delight,
The season approaching with time's rapid flight;
While each fleeting moment brings near and more near,
The day, long expected, the great thousand years.

I praise and adore the eternal I Am;
Hosanna, hosanna to God and the Lamb,

Who order the seasons that glide o'er the spheres,
And crown with such blessings, each happy new year.

## A LAMENTATION.

ON TAKING LEAVE OF NEW-YORK.

Adieu to the city, where long I have wandered,
To tell them of judgments and warn them to flee;
How often in sorrow, their woes I have pondered:
Perhaps in affliction, they'll think upon me.

With a tear of compassion, in silence retiring,
The last ray of hope for your safety expiring;
A feeling of pity this bosom inspiring—
Sing this lamentation and think upon me.

How often at evening your halls have resounded
With th' pure testimony of Jesus, so free;
While the meek were rejoicing, the proud were confounded,
The poor had the gospel;—they'll think upon me.

When Empires shall tremble at Israel returning,
And earth shall be cleans'd by the Spirit of burning;
When proud men shall perish, and Priests with their learning,—
Sing this lamentation, and think upon me.

When the Union is severed, and liberty's blessings
Withheld from the sons of Columbia, once free;
When bloodshed and war, and famine distress them,
Remember the warning! and think upon me.

When this mighty city shall crumble to ruin,
And sink as a millstone, the merchants undoing;
The ransom'd, the highway of Zion pursuing,—
Sing this lamentation, and think upon me.

## LAMENTATION BY P. P. PRATT.

IN MEMORY OF HIS DEPARTED WIFE, WHO DIED, MARCH 25, 1837.

The joys of home I once have tasted,
All its pleasures called my own;
Friendship's purest pleasures graced it,
But they're gone,—I'm left alone,

Now no more that smile of gladness
Welcomes me at my return;
But a lonely, solemn sadness:
Oh she's gone,—I'm left alone!

Oft when clouds of care and trouble,
Like a tempest o'er me roll'd,
A look, a word, an act of kindness,
Served to calm my troubled soul.

When by pain and sickness wasted,
Oft she lingered near my bed;
Fed me, nursed me as an angel,
Washed my feet or bathed my head.

When to western wilds I wandered,
Rear'd in solitude my cot;
Clear'd away the gloomy forest,—
She with flowers adorned the spot.

When by ruthless mobs was driven,
Wounded, bleeding, from my home,
Wandering in a land of strangers,
Pilgrim like she with me roamed.

When in distant climes I wander'd,
To bear glad tidings to mankind;
She shared my toils and travels gladly,
Or would consent to stay behind.

Returning from a distant journey,
She always met me with a smile;
Wash'd my feet and changed my raiment,
And bade me rest from all my toil.

But now alone I'm left to wander,
From land to land, from sea to sea;
And none except my only offspring
Will scarce inquire what comes of me.

And e'n to him I'll seem a stranger,
While he is reared by other hands:
He'll hardly feel I am his father,
When I return from distant lands.

What is it then for which I linger,
Still in this dark and dreary waste?
Where nothing centers my affection,
Where others' joys I cannot taste.

If I must still consent to tarry,
'Twill be to bear another's grief:
To save mankind from sin and sorrow,
And bring the broken heart relief.

To comfort those who mourn in Zion,
And bid ten thousand others come;
Where the widow, orphan, virgin,
And the poor may find a home.

## FUNERAL HYMN.

ON THE DEATH OF MRS. PRATT.

Creation speaks with awful voice—
Hark! 'tis a universal groan
Re-echoes through the vast extent
Of worlds unnumbered called to mourn.

For sickness, sorrow, pain and death,
With awful tyranny have reigned;
While all eterniny has shed
Her tears of sorrow o'er the slain.

But hark, again; a voice is heard,
Resounding through the sullen gloom;
A mighty conquerer has appear'd,
And rose triumphant from the tomb.

No longer let creation mourn;
Ye sons of sorrow, dry your tears;
Life—life—eternal life is ours,
Dismiss your doubts, dispel your fears.

The King shall soon in clouds descend,
With all the heav'nly hosts above:
The dead shall rise and hail their friends,
And always dwell with those they love.

No tears, no sorrow, death or pain,
Shall e'er be known to enter there;
But perfect peace, immortal bloom,
Shall reign triumphant ev'ry where!

## FAREWELL MEMORIAL.

Keep these few lines till time shall end,
In memory of your absent friend;
Who wanders o'er life's boisterous wave,
The meek, the humble poor to save.

While I endure I'll spend my breath
In prayer for those who love the truth.
In distant lands I'll call to mind,
My true and faithful friends so kind.

Let these few lines adorn the place
Where you retire to seek his grace;
Then lift your voice in humble prayer,
For him whose lines are hanging there.

## THE PILGRIM.

On the shores of Ontario I'm now doom'd to wander,
A pilgrim in exile, a stranger I roam,
While the prince and the beggar, the wise and the simple,
In palace or cottage can each find a home.
The foxes have holes and the birds they have nests,
And all but a preacher has somewhere to rest.

## GENERAL CONFERENCE,

## FAREWELL.

Farewell, ye servants of the Lord,
To whom we oft have preach'd the word;
May you improve the wisdom given,
And lead ten thousand souls to heaven.

Farewell, ye saints of latter days,
With whom we've met in prayer and praise,
In whose kind hearts the truth has shone,
By which we're gathered all in one.

Farewell kind friends, whose hearts are true
We can no longer stay with you;
Arise—the voice of truth obey,
O come and wash your sins away.

Farewell to all whose stubborn wills
Bind them in chains of darkness still:
Our voice no longer you shall hear,
Till Jesus shall in clouds appear:

Then you shall see, and hear, and know,
What you rejected here below.
Though you may sink in endless pain,
Yet *truth eternal will remain.*

## THE DOWNFALL OF BABYLON

An angel of glory from heaven descended,
While his power and glory enlightened the earth;
With a voice strong and mighty, his cry was extended,
Babylon is fallen and hushed in her mirth;

The dwelling of devils and every foul spirit,
The cage of uncleanness and of hateful birds.
All nations had tasted her wine and were drunken,
But now she is fallen the angel brings word;

HISTORIAN'S OFFICE
Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints
47 E. South Temple St.

Her merchants were great men, and through her
abundance,
They long had wax'd rich in her traffic though vain,
But now she is fallen,—is fallen,—is fallen,
Her riches and glory have ended in pain;

Her plagues in one day—death, mourning and
famine,
And flame shall devour her and burn her withal;
The kings of the earth at the smoke of her burning,
Shall stand afar off and lament her sad fall.

Her merchants shall weep for their traffic is ended,
Their gold and their silver, their stones and their
pearls,
Their linen and purple, their silk and their scarlet,
And all things that wealth could procure in the
world.

Their vessels of ivory and brass, iron and marble,
And cinnamon and odours, frankincense and wine.
And oil and fine flour, wheat, beasts, sheep and
horses,
And chariots and slaves, and the souls of mankind.

Rejoice, O thou Heaven! ye holy apostles,
And prophets for God hath avenged you withal,
For like a great millstone doth sink in the ocean,
E'en so on a sudden shall Babylon fall;

The voice of musicians, the harp and the pipers,
And trumpets and organs no longer shall sound,
No craftsmen, mechanic or workman whatever,
Within thy dominion shall ever be found;

No more shall the sound of a millstone be heard,
The light of a candle no more in thee shine,
The voice of the bridegroom and bride ever silent,
Darkness and sorrow, and death shall be thine.

## PRATT'S DEFENCE

BEFORE THE AUTHORITIES OF MISSOURI.

As down in a lone dungeon with darkness o'er-
spread,
In silence and sorrow I made my lone bed,
While far from my prison my friends had retired,
And joy from this bosom had almost expired.

From all that was lovely constrained for to part,
From wife and from children so dear to my heart;
While foes were exulting, and friends far away,
In half broken slumbers all pensive I lay.

I thought upon Zion—her sorrowful doom:—
I thought on her anguish—her trouble and gloom.
How for years she had wandered, a captive forlorn,
Cast out and afflicted, and treated with scorn.

I thought on the time when some five years ago,
Twelve hundred from Jackson were driven by foes,
While two hundred houses to ashes were burned;—
Our flourishing fields to a desert were turned.

I remembered these crimes still unpunished remained,
And the like oft repeated—again, and again,
From counties adjoining, compelled to remove,
We purchased in Caldwell, Prairie and Grove.

And there 'mid the wild flowers that bloomed o'e
the plain,
Our rights and our freedom we thought to maintain;
Nor dreamed that oppression would drive us from
thence,
The laws of our country we claimed for defence

But soon as kind autumn rewarded our toil,
And plenty around us began for to smile,
Our foes were assembled—being tempted with
gain;
To ravage and plunder, and drive us again.

When many were driven, and plundered, and robb'd,
And some had been murdered by this dreadful
mob,—
When cries for redress and protection were vain.
We arose in our strength our own rights to main-
tain.

The mob soon dispersed, to the Rulers appealed,
Saying, lend us your aid, and the Mormons will
yield,

For surely they never were known to resist
A mob when commissioned by Rulers and Priests.

This soon was considered by far the best plan;
And orders were issued for ten thousand men,
Including the Wilsons, and Gillums, of course,
And all the mob forces, for better, for worse.

These soon were forthcoming, in dreadful array!
Some painted like Indians, all armed for the fray!
The Mormons soon yielded without the first fire,
And the mobers accomplished their utmost desire.

Some females were ravished—and cattle and grain
Became a free booty—and one pris'ner slain.
Some twenty or thirty were murdered outright,
And ten thousand others were BANISHED THE STATE!

By what LAW of the Statute to me is unknown;
But it must be by law all these great things were done;
For the next Legislature the expense to defray,
Voted two hundred thousand the soldiers to pay.

To resist THIS oppression—THESE excellent laws,
Was murder! and treason!! (in technical clause,)
So while women and children were driven away
Their husbands and fathers in prison must stay.

So now to the jury and judge I submit;
I'm not learned in *such* laws,—they may hang or acquit—
But though they should hang me, or keep me in jail,
The spirit of Freedom and Truth will prevail.

# PRATT'S DELIVERANCE.

"The captive exile hasteneth that he may be loosed."
ISAIAH.

The chains are rent, the dungeon's gloom
No more these active limbs confine.
I rise as from the dreary tomb,
Where long in prison I repined.

I mount—I fly—I haste away,
Buoyed, as it were, on angel's wings;
O home! O friends! O liberty!—
O God of strength, thy praise I'll sing.

Hosanna now in highest strains,
Glory to God and to the Lamb,
Hosanna to the king who reigns
In heaven and earth—the great I Am.

# VISIT TO THE WHITE MOUNTAINS

## OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

[Extract from the Author's Journal.]

When we came near the base of the mountain, two beautiful and transparent lakes, surrounded with a romantic forest of evergreen, and other trees, added greatly to the interest of the scene. Between these lakes a mansion was reared for the public entertainment of those whom curiosity draws to the place. This house furnished pleasure boats, fishing apparatus, guides, &c., for the accommodation of parties of pleasure, and others who wished to spend a few hours amid these romantic and picteresque scenes of sublimity and grandeur, where nature in her wildest freaks had combined the gentle and lovely, which seems to soothe and calm the spirits with the awfully grand, the terribly majestic, and the wild and romantic, as if calculated at once to interest the curious, to please the merry, to add gloom to solitude, and fervor to devotion; and in a word, to fill the contemplative mind with the highest degree of wonder and admiration. Our road

led directly between the two small lakes, through what is called the notch. The mountains on each hand reared their majestic piles almost perpendicular for many hundred feet.

While clouds hung lowering on their bosoms,
And their tall summits high above
The misty vapors stood in awful pride,
And still serenely smiled amid clear skies,
And all the splendor of the morning sun.

When we had passed between the lakes and walked a short distance, we left the road and took a footpath to the left hand, and commenced our ascent up the steep sides of the mountain. Our path for many hundred feet was very steep, and in many places almost perpendicular; but the rough fragments of rock afforded steps; and these, together with twigs and shrubs which we seized with our hands, enabled us to climb with some degree of safety as well as speed. When we had arrived at the distance of perhaps half a mile, the scene was truly awful. Huge fragments of rock were thrown together in inconceivable confusion, as if by some terrible convulsion of nature; recalling to mind a time long since passed, when

Earth with a tremendous groan,
Did for a dying Jesus mourn.

Passing still onward on our airy way, the timber began to be of a different variety, suited to a colder climate, and fast diminishing in its size, until at length we were only surrounded with dwarf cedars, or spruce; and still higher up, even these ceased to vegetate, and a bleak, bald, and rocky summit still reared its dreary head a vast distance above us. At the point where vegetation ceased, we found a small lake several rods in circumference, probably fed by the melting snows which lay upon the mountain most of the year.

Leaving this curiosity below us, we continued our ascent over rocky steeps, mostly covered with moss; and after a laborious journey of some hours we found ourselves on the highest pinnacle of Mt. Lafayette, while far beneath us we beheld the summits of many other mountains, clothed with evergreen; and beyond these on all sides lay a beautiful scenery of

Farms, and fields and meadows gay,
While in the distance far away,
The flocks in sportive groups assembled,
Limpid lakes in sunbeams trembled,
Huts with rural scenes surrounded,
Mansions fair and bright abounded;
While zephyrs sweet perfumed the air,
From roses, pinks, and lilies fair;

While far o'er eastern hills we view
The briny ocean's distant blue,
And mark its waves in distance dwindle,
Till with the heavens they seem to mingle.
When all at once the scenes around us
Are veiled from view, and clouds surround us,
And far beneath, and high above,
Swift through the air the vapors move.

Although it was now in the sultry heat of summer, yet our vast elevation caused a coldness which seemed winterlike; and although dressed in winter clothing, we were soon so chilled as to shake at every limb. After offering our prayers and thanks to the Maker of heaven and earth, we again descended; and when we had come down about half way we were out of the cloud, and again enjoyed the pure air of the lower atmosphere, while the warm and gentle breezes of summer soon warmed and restored our benumbed limbs to their proper temperature. Inspired with sublimer and nobler thoughts of nature and of nature's God, we pursued our course a few miles on our way, and being weary we called at a humble dwelling, were kindly received, and after partaking of such simple refreshments as the place afforded, with appetites sharpened with fatigue, we retired to rest, and resigned the night to sweet repose.

# THE REGENERATION

AND

# ETERNAL DURATION OF MATTER.

"The Elements are Eternal."

WRITTEN IN PRISON.

"And he that sat upon the throne said, Behold, I make all things new. And he said unto me write, for these words are true and faithful."

Rev. xxi. 5.

Matter and Spirit are the two great principles of all existence. Every thing animate and inanimate is composed of one or the other, or both of these eternal principles. I say eternal, because the elements are as durable as the quickening power which exists in them. Matter and spirit are of equal duration; both are self-existent,—they never began to exist, and they never can be annihilated. We do not enter upon this boundless subject as a matter of mere

speculative philosophy, calculated in its nature merely to charm the imagination—to interest the curious, or to please the learned. So far from this, we consider it a subject of deep and thrilling interest to all the human family. A subject equally interesting to Jew, and Christian; Mahommedan and Pagan; the wise and the simple; the learned, and the ignorant—all—all are journeying swiftly through time, and are bound to eternity. All are lovers of life and happiness; all are looking forward with inexpressible anxiety to the unexplored regions of futurity.

The Jew, as he follows his aged parent, his bosom friend, or his tender offspring to the sepulchre of his fathers, while his bosom heaves with anguish, grief and sorrow, is still comforted with sure and certain hope of their being raised from the dead with the whole of Israel's race, and clothed upon with flesh; and of their being restored again to that land which was given to them and their fathers for an everlasting inheritance: while David takes his seat in the holy city and reigns over the twelve tribes forever and ever.

The modern Christian when called upon to endure the pangs of grief and sorrow, in following to the grave his nearest friends, is comforted with the hope of a spiritual existence, in a world far distant from his native earth; and far beyond the

bounds of time and space, where spirits mingle in eternal joy and everlasting song; and although the body should rise from the dead, yet they suppose that the whole will become spirit unconnected with matter, and soar away to worlds on high, free from all the elements of which their nature was composed in this life; and thus enjoy eternal life and happiness, while matter,

Animate and inanimate shall cease to be;
And no more place be found for Heaven, Earth,
or Sea.—

The Mahommedan is equally subject to all the heart-rending grief and anguish, which others feel at the loss of friends; but comforts himself with the thoughts of one day gaining a paradise of sensual pleasures; where, with all his faithful friends, he expects to bask forever in all the enjoyments of sensuality. He dreams of trees loaded with delicious fruits, and bending their branches invitingly to his appetite;—and of gardens and pleasure grounds, adorned with pleasant walks—with cooling shades and with blooming sweets which perfume the air; and surrounded with fields of spices more delicious than all the productions of Arabia: while his golden palaces and seraglios are thronged with myriads of delightful virgins, more pure and beautiful

than the fairest daughters of Circassia. With these he hopes to spend a life of pleasures forevermore.

The Pagan too, in turn, when bowed down with grief and sorrow, finds some relief in anticipation of a future existence—some shady forest filled with game—some delightful prairie of blooming flowers —some humble heaven behind the cloud-topped hill, where he hopes to join his wife, his children, his brothers, his fathers; and in their society to spend a peaceful eternity in all the enjoyments of domestic life, while his faithful horse and dog shall bear him company. These are the hopes and anticipations which serve to dry his tears,—to calm his heaving bosom, and to his troubled spirit whisper peace. How desirable then is a just and correct knowledge on this all-important subject. Who does not desire to become acquainted as far as possible with the nature of that eternal state of existence to which we are all hastening? We are dependent alone on the light of revelation and reason, for any just and correct information on this subject. Moses, in his account of the creation, commences thus:

בְּרֵאשִׁית בָּרָא אֱלֹהִים אֵת הַשָּׁמַיִם וְאֵת הָאָרֶץ׃
וְהָאָרֶץ הָיְתָה תֹהוּ וָבֹהוּ וְחֹשֶׁךְ עַל־פְּנֵי תְהוֹם וְרוּחַ
אֱלֹהִים מְרַחֶפֶת עַל־פְּנֵי הַמָּיִם׃

Which may with propriety be translated thus: "In the beginning God made (or formed) the heavens and the earth, and the earth she was empty and desolate; and darkness upon the faces of the abyss; and the wind of God was brooding over the faces of the waters."

Moses did not see fit to inform us of what kind of materials the Lord formed the earth, and indeed there was no need of revelation to guide us on that subject; for we see for ourselves that it is composed of the common elements which constitute matter in general, and of course this element or matter already existed, and that too in sufficient quantity for the formation of a globe like this. From the Mosaic account of the creation, many have gathered the idea that God created all things out of nonentity,—that solid matter sprung from nothing. But this is for want of reflection, or an exercise of reason on the subject; for instance, when a child inquires of its father, saying, father, who made this house? the father replies, the carpenter made it. Again, the child inquires, who made me? the father replies, the Lord made you. Again, the child inquires, who made the earth? the father replies, the Lord made the earth, and all things upon the face thereof. Now the child might suppose that the carpenter created the house without any mate-

rials; that he brought it into existence from nothing; and so, with equal propriety, he might suppose that he was formed from nothing; when in fact he was formed of materials which grew out of the earth. And with the same degree of impropriety we might suppose that God made the earth from nothing, when in fact he made it out of self-existing element.

It is impossible for a mechanic to make any thing whatever without materials. So it is equally impossible for God to bring forth matter from nonentity, or to originate element from nothing, because this would contradict the law of truth, and destroy himself. We might as well say, that God can add two and three together, and the product will be twelve; or that he can subtract five from ten and leave eight, as to say that he can originate matter from nonentity; because these are principles of eternal truth, they are laws which cannot be broken, that two and three are five, that five from ten leaves five, and that nought from nought leaves nought; and a hundred noughts added together is nothing still. In all these, the product is determined by unchangeable laws, whether the reckoning be calculated by the Almighty, or by man, the result is precisely the same.

Here then, is mathematical demonstration that it is not in the power of any being to originate matter. Hence we conclude that matter as well as spirit is eternal, uncreated, self-existing. However infinite the variety of its changes, forms and shapes;—however vast and varying the parts it has to act in the great theatre of the universe;—whatever sphere its several parts may be destined to fill in the boundless organization of infinite wisdom, yet it is there, durable as the throne of Jehevah. And ETERNITY is inscribed in indelible characters on every particle. Revolution may succeed revolution,—vegetation may bloom and flourish, and fall again to decay in the revolving seasons—generation upon generation may pass away and others still succeed—empires may fall to ruin, and moulder to the dust and be forgotten—the marble monuments of antiquity may crumble to atoms and mingle in the common ruin—the mightiest works of art, with all their glory, may sink in oblivion and be remembered no more—worlds may startle from their orbits, and hurling from their spheres, run lawless on each other in conceivable confusion—element may war with element in awful majesty, while thunders roll from sky to sky, and arrows of lightning break the mountains asunder—scatter the rocks like hailstones—set worlds on fire, and melt the elements with fervent

heat, and yet not one grain can be lost—not one particle can be annihilated. All these revolutions and convulsions of nature will only serve to refine, purify, and finally restore and renew the elements upon which they act. And like the sunshine after a storm, or like gold seven times tried in the fire, they will shine forth with additional lustre as they roll in their eternal spheres, in their glory, in the midst of the power of God.

When in the progress of the endless works of Deity, the full time had arrived for infinite wisdom to organize this sphere, and its attendant worlds, and to set them in motion in their order amid the vast machinery of the universe,—when first the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy, at the grand occasion of the acquisition of a new system to the boundless variety of his works, all was pronounced very good. The waters, obedient to his word, retired within their respective limits, and filled with the quickening, or life-giving principle, which we call spirit, they produced living creatures in abundance, and very soon the vasty deep was found teeming with animal life in countless variety, and in regular gradation, from the monster Leviathan to the shell-fish; or descending down the scale of existence to the minutest speck which is only to be discerned by the

aid of powerful glasses. The air swarmed with an almost infinite variety of animal life, from the lofty and aspiring eagle which soars on high, and seems to dip his wing in ether blue, to the humming bird which darts from flower to flower, and hides itself amid the blooming sweets of spring, or descending still, to the puny nations of insects which swarm in clouds of blue on the summer breath of morn: all, all the air seemed life and happiness.

The Dry Land, organized in its own proper sphere, presented a surface every where well watered, abounding in springs, streams and rivulets, and uninterrupted by any of the rough, broken, rugged deformities which now present themselves on every side. Its surface was smooth, or gently undulating, and delightfully varied. Its soil enriched by the dew of heaven, and impregnated with the spirit of animal and vegetable life, soon poured forth a luxuriant growth, not of noxious weeds, and thorns and thistles, but of fruit trees, and herbs, all useful for the food of man or animal, fowl or creeping thing. And soon, too, it brought forth from its bosom every varied species of the animal race, from the ponderous mammoth or the mighty elephant, down to the mole; or descnding still in the scale of existence, to the smallest creeping thing that specks the surface

of the rock, or mantles the standing pool with varied life.

Its Climate, free, alike from the noxious vapors and melting heats of the torrid zone, and the chilling blasts of the polar regions, was delightfully varied by the moderate changes of heat and cold which only tended to crown the varied year with the greater variety of productions. Streams of life, and odors of healthful sweets came floating on every breeze. Thus earth, so lately a vast scene of emptiness and desolation, burst from its solitude arrayed in its robes of splendor; and where silence had reigned through the vast expanse, innumerable sounds now reverberated on the air, and melting strains of music re-echoing in the distant groves, stole upon the ears of admiring angels, and proclaimed the gladsome news of a new world of animated life and joy.

Thus all was prepared and finished, and creation complete. All save the great masterpiece, the head and governor, who was destined to rule or preside over this new kingdom. This personage, designed as the noblest of all the works of Deity, was formed of earth by the immediate hand of God; being fashioned in the express likeness and image of the Father and the Son, while the breath of the Almighty breathed into his nostrils,—quick-

ened him with life and animation. Thus formed of noble principles, and bearing in his godlike features the emblems of authority and dominion, he was placed on the throne of power, in the midst of the paradise of God, and to him was committed power, and glory, and dominion, and the kingdom, and the greatness of the kingdom under the whole heaven. From the bosom of this noble being, or rather from his side emanated woman. She being composed or fashioned from his bone and from his flesh, and undergoing another process of refinement in her formation, she became more exquisitely fine, beautiful and delightsome; combining in her person and features the noble and majestic expression of manhood, with the soft and gentle, the modest and retiring graces of angelic sweetness and purity, as if destined to grace the dignity of manhood,—to heighten the charms of domestic life,—to delight the heart of her lord, and to share with him the enjoyments of life, as well as to nourish and sustain the embryo, and rear the tender offspring of her species, and thus fill the earth with myriads of happy and intelligent beings. O reader, contemplate with me the beauty, the glory, the excellence, the perfection of the works of creation as they rolled from the hand of omnipotent power and wisdom, and were pronounced good—very good, by him whose hand

had formed them, and whose eye surveyed them at a single glance. Tell me, O man, which of all these works was formed for decay? and which in themselves possessed the seeds of mortality, the principles of dissolution and destruction? Tell me, was there any curse, or poison, or death inherent in or appertaining to any department of existing matter? Tell me, were any of these works so calculated in their physical construction as to be incapable of eternal duration? Was there any death, or sorrow, pain or sickness, sighing, groaning, tears or weeping? Was there any thing to hurt or destroy in all the holy mountain? The answer to all these questions is plain, positive and definite, if the sacred writings may be relied on as decisive evidence. We are informed in scripture that sin entered into the world, and DEATH by sin. That by one man came death, and that the devil had the power of death. We are also informed that the ground was cursed for man's sake, and its productions materially changed. In short, the great head and ruler, with his fair consort were subjected to many curses and troubles while in life, and with them all the productions of the animal and vegetable kingdoms, together with the earth itself were subjected to the dominion of the curse. Thus creation felt the blow to its utmost verge, and has

groaned in pain for deliverance until now. From all these declarations of holy writ, and from many other proofs which might easily be adduced, we feel ourselves safe in saying that SIN is the sole cause of decay, or death. If there had been no sin, there would have been no death, no dissolution, no disorganization, no decay, no sorrow and groaning, tears or weeping; neither would there have been any pain, but creation would have continued in the same state to an endless duration. O sin, what hast thou done! Thou hast hurled man from his blissful domain, and hast reduced him from a throne of power and dominion to a state of servitude, where sunk in sorrow and misery, he groans out a wretched existence, which terminates in painful dissolution, and he mingles with his mother earth and is forgotten and lost amid the general ruin.

Thou hast converted a garden of delicious fruits and blooming flowers into a gloomy forest of thorns and thistles. Thou hast transformed a world of life, joy and happiness into the abodes of wretchedness and misery, where sighing, groaning, tears and weeping are mingled in almost every cup. By thee the earth has been filled with violence and oppression; and man, moved by hatred, envy, avarice or ambition, has often embrued his hands in the blood of his fellow man, by which the fairest

portions of the earth have been made desolate,—the abodes of domestic happiness turned to sorrow and loneliness,—the happy wife and tender offspring have become widows and orphans,—the bride has been left to mourn in irretrievable anguish, and the virgin to drop a silent tear over the ruined fragments of departed loveliness. By thee the world has been deluged with a flood of waters, and unnumbered millions swept at once from the stage of action and mingled in the common ruin, unwept and unlamented save by the tears of heaven, or by the eight solitary inhabitants of the ark who alone escaped to tell the news. By thy ravages empires have fallen to ruin, and cities become heaps. The fruitful plains of Shinar, and the splendid palaces of Babylon have been doomed to perpetual waste and and irretrievable desolation, never to be inhabited; not even as a temporary residence for the wandering Arab. (And the Arabian shall not pitch tent there. See Isaiah XIII, 20.) By thee the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah, and the flourishing country about them, once extremely fertile, and watered as the garden of Eden, have been desolated by fire, and perhaps overwhelmed by a sea of stagnant waters. By thee the land of Edom, once a flourishing empire, posessing a productive and well cultivated soil, and every where adorned with flourishing vil-

lages, and splendid cities, has become desolate, without inhabitants; and the Lord has cast upon it the stones of emptiness, and the line of confusion. It has lain waste from generation to generation, as a haunt for wild beasts of the desert, a court for owls, and a place for the cormorant and bittern. On account of thee, the city of Jerusalem has long lain in ruins, the land of Judea is desolate, and their holy and beautiful house where their fathers praised Jehovah is burned with fire; while the Jews have long remained in exile among the nations, in fulfilment of that awful imprecation "his blood be upon us and our children." By thy power the once mighty empires of Greece and Rome have been shaken to the centre, and have fallen to rise no more; and before thy desolating blast, almost innumerable provinces lay in ruin. The waste deserts of burning sand—the sunken and stagnant lakes and miry swamps—the innumerable rockey barrens and mountanious steeps—the desolate and dreary wastes of the polar regions—these all present but so many monuments to thy memory—they speak in language not to be misunderstood, that sin has been there, with its dreadful train of curses, under which they groan in pain to be delivered.

The solid rocks have burst asunder at thy withering touch; they have been rent in twain, and

hurled from their firm foundations by thy mighty power: and they lay scattered in broken fragments and ruined heaps as monuments of agonizing nature; and as a testimony of the heaving sighs, the convulsive quakings, and dreadful groanings of the earth itself, while by wicked hands the great Messiah was slain. And what shall I say more? for the time would fail me to innumerate the evils of intemperance, dissipation, debauchery, pride, luxury, idleness, extravagance, avarice and ambition, hatred and envy, priestcraft and persecution, with all their attendant train of troubles, miseries, pains, diseases and deaths; which have all contributed to reduce mankind to a state of wretchedness and sorrow indescribable. The noble and majestic features of manhood have often been transformed by these vices into the frightful and disgusting image of demoniac furies,—the angelic beauties of earth's fairest daughters as often transformed by vice into objects of mingled pity and contempt: but cease my soul, no longer dwell on these awful scenes; my heart is faint, my soul is sick, my spirit grieves within me; and mine eyes are suffused with tears while contemplating upon the scenes of wretchedness and misery which sin has produced in our world. O misery, how hast thou triumphed! O death, how many are thy victories! thrones, and

dominions—principalities and powers—kingdoms and empires have sunk beneath thine all conquering arm,—their kings and their nobles, their princes and their lords, — their orators and statesmen, beneath the blast of thy breath have found one common grave.

The dignity of age,—the playful innocence of youth, or the charms of beauty cannot save from thy cruel grasp, thou hast swallowed up the nations as water, and thou art an hungered still,—thou hast drunk rivers of blood, and hast bathed in oceans of tears, and thy thirst is still raging with unabating fury. Whither,—ah! whither shall I turn for comfort? in what secret chamber shall I hide myself to elude thy swift pursuit? If I would heap up gold as dust I cannot bribe thee. If I would fortify my habitation with the munitions of rocks, thine arrows would pierce them as the spider's web, and find their way to my heart. If I would soar on high as the eagle, or fly to the most secret haunts of the desert, or hide myself in the gloomy thicket with the solitary bird of night; or retire with the bat, to the inmost recesses of the cavern, yet thy footsteps would pursue me, and thy vigilence would search me out. No arguments of the wise— no talents of the eloquent can prevail with thee. The tears of the widow, the cries of the

fatherless; or the broken hearted anguish of the lover cannot move thee to pity: thou mockest at the groans and tears of humanity, thou scornest the pure affections of love and tenderness; and thou delightest to tear asunder the silken cords of conjugal affection, and all the tender ties of love and endearment which twine around the virtuous heart, and which serve to cement society, and to administer joy and happiness in every department of life. What mighty power shall check thy grand career, and set bounds o'er which thou canst not pass? Whose mighty voice shall command, saying "thus far, no farther shalt thou go, and here let thy proud waves be stayed?" What almighty conqueror shall lead thee captive—shall burst thy chains—throw open the doors of thy gloomy cells, and set the unnumbered millions of thy prisoners free?—who shall bind up the broken hearted—comfort the mourners—dry the tears of sorrow—open the prison to them that are bound—set the captives free—make an end of sin and oppression—bring in everlasting righteousness—swallow up death in victory—restore creation to its primative beauty, glory, excellence, and perfection; "and distroy him who has the power of death, that is the Devil, and deliver those who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage?" but hark—

On the plains of Judea me thinks I hear
The melting strains of the lonely shepherd's
Midnight song, as it echoes among the hills
And vales, and dies away in the distance.
Its heavenly melody betokens
A theme of joy such as the sons of earth
Have seldom heard,—some heavenly theme as if
The choirs of angels—mingling their music
With the sons of earth, conspired to celebrate
Some new event—some jubilee of rest—
Some grand release from servitude and woe.
But see—ah see! the opening heavens around
Them shine; a glorious train of angels bright,
Ascending, fill the air:—it is indeed
A more than mortal theme. But hark again—
Me thinks I understand the words,—they
Celebrate the birth of king Messiah,
The mighty prince who soon shall conquer death
With all his legions, and reign triumphant
Over all, as king of kings, and Lord of lords.
Their chorus ends with peace on earth, good will

To men. O monster death I now behold
Thy conquerer! Jesus of Nazareth—
The babe of Bethlehem—the son of God.

He comes to earth, and takes upon him flesh and blood,—even the seed of Abraham; and this for the express purpose of conquering sin and death, and restoring a lost and fallen world to its former perfection that it may be capable of eternal life and happiness.

"As in Adam all die even so in Christ shall all be made alive." Now let the reader endeavour in particular to understand the precise object of the mission of Jesus Christ into our world; and what was to be accomplished by his death and resurrection. We have already endeavoured to show the effect of Adam's transgression in a physical as well as moral point of view; we have seen that sin materially affected the earth itself, as well as all its animal and vegetable productions. Now the object of a Saviour to bleed and die as a sacrifice and atonement for sin, was not only to redeem man in a moral sense, from his lost and fallen state, but it was also to restore the physical world from all the effects of the fall; to purify the elements; and to present the earth in spotless purity before the throne of God, clothed in celestial glory, as a fit

inheritance for the ransomed throng who are destined to inherit it in eternity. If the question be asked for what Christ died? the answer is, first, he died for all of Adam's race. Secondly, for all the animal and vegetable productions of the earth, as far as they were affected by the fall of man. The lion, the wolf; the leopard and the bear; and even the serpent, will finally feel and enjoy the effects of this great restoration, precisely in the same degree in which they were affected by the fall. Thirdly, Christ died for the earth itself, to redeem it from all the effects of the fall, that it might be cleansed from sin and have eternal life. Now this atonement which was made by Jesus Christ was universal, so far as it relates to the effects of Adam's transgression: and this without any conditions on the part of the creature. All that was lost, or in the least affected by the fall of man, will finally be restored by Jesus Christ,—the whole creation will be delivered from its dreadful curse, and all mankind redeemed from death, and all the dreadful effects of the transgression of their first parents; and this without any conditions of faith and repentance; or any act on the part of the creature; for precisely what is lost in Adam's transgression without our agency, is restored by Jesus Christ without our agency. Thus all will be raised from the dead, and the body

and the spirit will be reunited; the whole will become immortal, no more to be separated, or to undergo dissolution. This salvation being universal, I am a universalist in this respect,—this salvation being a universal restoration from the fall, I am a restorationer,—this salvation being without works, or without any conditions except the atonement of Jesus Christ, I am in this respect a believer in free grace alone, without works; this salvation, redeeming all infants from original sin, without any change of heart, newbirth, or baptism, and the infant, not being capable of actual transgression, and needing no salvation from any personal sin, is therefore in a state of salvation, and not of depravity; and therefore of such is the kingdom of God: and in their infancy they need no ordinances, or gospel to save them, for they are already saved through the atonement, therefore the gospel and its ordinances are only for those who have come to years of understanding. But while on the subject of redemption, I must not pass without noticing another and very different part of the subject, viz—After all men are redeemed from the fall and raised from the dead, their spirits and bodies being reunited and the whole becoming eternal no more to see corruption, they are to be judged according to their own individual deeds done in the body; not

according to Adam's trangression; nor according to sovereign, unconditional grace. Here ends, universalism; here ends calvinism; here ends salvation without works—here is introduced the necessity of a salvation from actual sin,—from individual transgression, from which no man can be redeemed short of the blood of Jesus Christ applied to each individual transgressor; and which can only be applied on the conditions of faith, repentance, and obedience to the gospel. Now all who neglect to fulfill the conditions of the gospel, will be condemned at the judgment day, not for Adam's fall, but for their own sins. But as our subject is more particularly confined to the salvation and durability of the physical world, the renovation and regeneration of matter, and the restoration of the elements, to a state of eternal and unchangeable purity, we must leave the further prosecution of these often contested points of theology to be persued in their usual channel, and come directly to the merits of the great subject which we have undertaken. Let us now examine, more closely the physical structure and properties of the resurrected, immortal body; endeavour to ascertain in positive, definite terms, whether it does really consist of flesh and bones,—of matter as well as spirit: and if so, endeavour to learn something of its place of residence

or final destiny. Christ being the first fruits from the dead, and the only person whose history after their resurrection has come down to us; and he being the great head and pattern of the resurrection, we shall endeavour to ascertain all the particulars which will serve to throw light on the subject, as to the physical nature of his body, both before and after he arose from the dead. His mother was a virgin, a chosen vessel of the Lord, who conceived by the power of the Holy Ghost and brought forth a child, who was composed of flesh and blood; and in his physical organization differing nothing in any respect from other children of the seed of Abraham. Like other children in their infant state, he no doubt received his nourishment from the breasts of his mother; like all others, he was helpless and dependent for care and protection on his parents, who by the command of God fled into Egypt in order to preserve him from the cruel sword of Herod, who feared a rival in the person of the babe of Bethlehem: like all others he grew in stature by means of the food received into the stomach, and its strength diffused through the physical system; and when grown to manhood his system was composed of the same earthly particles, or the same elements which constitute the human system in general. He was every way subject to the infirmi-

ties, passions, pleasures, pains, griefs, sorrows and temptations which are common to the constitution of man; hence we find him sorrowing, weeping, mourning, rejoicing, lamenting, grieving, as well as suffering hunger, thirst, fatigue, temptation, etc. and we also find him possessed of the most refined sensibilities of natural affection, and susceptibilities for close and intimate friendship. This is abundantly illustrated in his close and intimate friendship with Lazarus of Bethany, and his kind-hearted and benevolent sisters, Martha and Mary. He wept with the tears of fond affection over the grave of his departed friend Lazarus, and mingled his tears with the sorrowful and disconsolate sisters, as if to sympathize with them and help to bear their grief, insomuch that the Jews exclaimed, "behold how he loved him." Another striking example of this natural affection is illustrated in his close intimacy with his beloved disciple John. This apostle was his most intimate friend who leaned on his breast at supper; and who was employed to ask questions on subjects in which the others felt a delicacy: he is frequently called "that disciple whom Jesus loved." Now we must think that Jesus loved them all as disciples and followers of the Lamb; but as to natural affection John was his peculiar favorite; to him he committed his sorrowing and

disconsolate mother, as he was about to expire on the cross, and from that time, Mary, the mother of Jesus, became a member of John's family. "He took her home to his own house." Jesus having taken affectionate leave of his sorrowing friends, at length yielded up the ghost, and his disembodied spirit took its rest in paradise; while his lifeless corpse was carefully wrapped in linen and laid in a sepulchre; but for fear of some imposition being practised by his disconsolate and sorrowing disciples, the door of the sepulchre was secured with a great stone, and sealed with the initials of kingly authority, besides a strong guard of Roman soldiers who watched around the door by day and by night. But early on the morning of the third day, an angel descended, at the glory of whose presence the soldiers fell back as dead men. The seal was broken, the great stone rolled away, the door of the sepulchre was opened, and his body re-animated by the returning spirit, awoke from its slumbers and came forth in triumph from the mansions of the dead. Now when his friends and disciples came to the sepulchre and found not his body but saw his grave clothes lying useless, they were troubled, supposing that he had been moved to some other place; but the angel of the Lord said unto them: "He is not here, but is risen," and called them to come

and see the place where he had lain. Now let us bear in mind, that it was the same corporeal system, —the same flesh and bones, which had yielded up the ghost on the cross, and which had been wrapped in linen and laid in the tomb, that now came forth from the dead, to die no more. Now in order to assist his disciples in understanding this subject, that they might know the difference between disembodied spirits and resurrected bodies, he not only eat and drank with them, but called upon them to handle him and see; for said he, "A spirit hath not flesh and bones as ye see me have." On another occasion, he exhibited his wounded side and hands, and called upon Thomas to put his finger into the prints of the nails, and to thrust his hand into his side, where once the spear had pierced; and finally, after being seen of them forty days, he led them out as far as Bethany, and there he was taken up into heaven from their presence, and a cloud received him out of their sight.

Now let us inquire, what was the physical difference between the mortal body of Jesus Christ and his resurrected body? They are both the same flesh, the same bones, the same joints, the same sinews, the same skin, the same hair, the same likeness, or physical features, and the same element, or matter; but the former was quickened by the prin-

ciples of the natural life, which was the blood, and the latter is quickened solely by the spirit, and not by blood, and therefore is not subject unto death, but lives forevermore. With this glorious body he ascended to the Father, and with this glorious body he will come again to earth to reign with his people. This view of the resurrection is clearly exemplified in the persons of Enoch and Elijah, who never tasted death, but were changed instantaneously from mortal to immortal, and were caught up into the heavens, both body and spirit. This change upon their physical systems was equivalent to death and the resurrection. It was the same as if they had slept in the grave for thousands of years, and then been raised and restored to eternal life. When Elijah, for instance, was taken into the chariot of fire, and carried from the presence of Elisha, he did not drop his body, but only his mantle; for if he had dropped his body, the sons of the prophets would have attended to his burial, instead of ranging the mountains in search of him. This same subject is made equally plain in the writings of Job, who declares, saying: "I know that my Redeemer lives, and that he will stand in the latter day upon earth: and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my FLESH shall I see God. The Jewish prophets also understood this matter in

its clearest light. Isaiah declares, "Thy dead men shall live,—together with my DEAD BODY shall they rise." Daniel speaks plainly of the awaking of them that sleep in the dust. Ezekiel illustrates the subject very clearly in his vision of the dry bones. (See Ezekiel xxxvii.) He not only mentions their being raised from the dead, but the bones, the sinews, the flesh, the skin, and the spirit by which they will be re-animated, are all brought to view in a clear, plain, and positive manner. The writings of the Apostles abound with clear elucidations of the physical nature of the resurrection: for on this one point, depended the whole foundation of the christian system. Hence Paul argues, that if there is no resurrection, then Christ is not risen; and if Christ be not risen, then their preaching was vain; and their faith and joy was vain; they were yet in their sins, and the apostles were false witnesses; and they were of all men most miserable. But there is one view which Paul takes of the subject, that will serve to carry out our present theory in a most conclusive manner. It is this: in opening to his disciples the mysteries of the second advent of the Messiah, and the great restitution of all things spoken by the prophets, he declares, that the saints would not all sleep, (in death,) but that they which were alive and remained until the coming of

Christ, should be changed in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, and be caught up to meet the Lord in the air, and so should be forever with him. Here then, is demonstration, that tens of thousands of the saints,—indeed all the saints who live at a certain period of time will be translated after the pattern of Enoch and Elijah, and their spirits and bodies never be separated by death! Such then is the resurrection; and such the lively views which inspired the prophets, apostles and saints of former times, and having this hope they could with propriety say, "O death, where is thy sting; O grave, where is thy victory?" O, the deep-rooted blindness of early tradition and superstition, how art thou interwoven with all our powers of intellect! and how hast thou benumbed and blunted every faculty of our understanding. From early youth the principles have been instilled into our minds that all must die and moulder to corruption—that Enoch and Elijah were the only persons who were, or ever would be translated without seeing death; when in fact, tens of thousands, as I said before, are yet to arrive by faith to this inconceivable fullness and consummation of eternal life and happiness without tasting death, and without even a momentary separation of soul and body; the transition from mortality to immortality being instantaneous.

And yet, strange as it may seem, none will ever attain to this blessing except such as firmly believe in and expect it, for, like all other blessings, it is only to be obtained by faith and prayer. But how shall we believe in, and seek for a blessing of which we have no idea? or how shall we believe in that which we have not heard, and how shall we hear without a teacher?

From all these considerations it appears evident that these principles must necessarily be revived so as to become a conspicuous part of modern theology. They must be taught to the people, and the people must believe them; insomuch that every saint on earth will be looking for the great day of the Lord, and expecting to be caught up to meet him in the air; for if the great day of the Lord should come at a time when these principles were neither taught nor believed, surely there would be none prepared for translation; consequently there would be no saints to be caught up to meet the Lore in the air; and if so, the words of the Lord by Paul would become of none effect. I have made the above remarks in order to impress deeply upon the minds of our modern teachers and learners the importance of arousing from the slumber of ages on this subject, and of ceasing to teach and impress upon the youthful mind the gloomy

thoughts of death, and the melancholy forebodings of a long slumber in the grave, in order to inspire them with solemn fear and dread, and thus move them to the duties of religion and morality. Experience has proved, in innumerable instances, that this course is insufficient to restrain vice, and to lead to the practice of virtue and religion. The wayward and buoyant spirits of youth feel weighed down and oppressed, when oft reminded of such gloomy and melancholy subjects. All the more cheerful faculties of the soul are thus paralyzed, or more or less obstructed in their operations; the fine toned energies of the mind cease to act with their accustomed vigor, the charms of nature seem clothed in mourning and sackcloth. We conceive a distaste for the duties as well as the enjoyments of life. Courage, fortitude, ambition, and all the stimulants which move man to act well his part in human society, are impaired and weakened in their operations, and the mind, thus soured and sickened, finds itself sinking under deep melancholy and settled gloom, which soon becomes insupportable. He at length sinks in despair,—becomes insane, or groans under various diseases brought upon his physical system by the anguish of his mind; or, with a desperate effort, tears himself from friends and society, and from all the social duties and

enjoyments of life, to lead a life of solitude within the walls of a convent, or in the gloomy caverns of the monk. But more frequently the youthful mind when laboring under these gloomy impressions, makes a desperate effort to free itself from its dreadful burthen, by plunging into all the allurements of vice and dissipation; endeavoring by these means to drive from them the memory all these gloomy impressions, and to lose sight of, or cease to realize, the sure and certain approach of death.

Let us then cease to give lessons on death and the grave to the rising generation, and confine ourselves more exclusively to the proclamation of eternal life. What a glorious field of intelligence now lies before us, yet but partially explored. What a boundless expanse for contemplation and reflection now opens to our astonished vision. What an intellectual banquet spreads itself invitingly to our appetite, calling into lively exercise every power and faculty of the mind, and giving full scope to all the great and ennobling passions of the soul. Love, joy, hope, ambition, faith, and all the virtuous principles of the human mind may here expand and grow, and flourish, unchecked by any painful emotions or gloomy fears. Here the youthful mind may expand its utmost energies, and revel, uncontrolled by remorse, unchecked by time or decay, in

the never-fading sweets of eternity, and bask forever in the boundless ocean of delight.

This course of instruction followed out in demonstration of the spirit and of power, would serve to check the allurements of vice, and would greatly tend to lead and encourage the mind in the practise of virtue and religion, and would cheer and stimulate the saint in all the laborious duties of life. It would remove the fear and dread of death. It would bind up the broken hearted, and administer consolation to the afflicted. It would enable man to endure with patience and fortitude all the multiplied afflictions, misfortunes and ills to which they are subject in this momentary life. It would almost banish the baneful effects of fear and gloom, and melancholy from the earth, and thus give new tone and energy to all the various departments of society. The long night of darkness and superstition is now far spent. The truth, revived in its primitive simplicity and purity, like the day star of the horizon, lights up the dawn of that effulgent morn when the knowledge of God will cover the earth as the waters cover the sea. With what propriety then, may the rising generation look forward with a well grounded hope, that they or their children may be of that unspeakably happy number who will live to be caught up to meet the Lord in the air, and like

Enoch and Elijah, escape the pangs of dissolution, and the long imprisonment of the grave. Or, with still more certainty, they may hope that if they sleep in the dust, it will only be of short duration, and then they will rise again to enjoy the pleasures of life for evermore. Parents, do you love your children? Does it grieve you to see their lifeless bodies laid in the tomb, and shut, as it were, forever from your society? Children, have you ever been called to bid farewell to your beloved and venerable parents, and to grieve with heart-broken anguish, as their bodies were deposited in the cold and silent grave, and you left as orphans upon the dreary world? Husbands and wives, do you love your companions, and often wish that you both might live in the body forever, and enjoy each other's society, without undergoing a painful separation by the monster, death? Be careful, then, to secure a part in the first resurrection, that you, and your friends may live and reign with Christ on earth a thousand years.

O thou broken hearted and disconsolate widow, thou hast been called to part with the bosom friend of thy youth and to see thy beloved shut from thy presence in the dreary mansions of the dead. Have you ever been comforted with the reflection that the tomb will burst asunder in the morning of the

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resurrection, — that these once active limbs, now cold in death,—these bones and joints, and sinews, with the flesh and skin will come forth, and be again quickened with the spirit of life and motion; and that this cold and silent bosom will again beat with the most animated and happy sensations of pure love and kindred affection?

Parents and children, husbands and wives, brothers and sisters, have these thoughts sunk deep into your hearts in the hour of sorrow, and served to comfort, to soothe and support your sinking spirits in the hour of keenest distress? or have you imagined to yourselves some spiritual existence beyond the bounds of time and space; some shadow without substance, some fairy world of spirits bright far from earth your native home; and at a distance from all the associations, affections and endearments which are interwoven with your very existence here; and in which were mingled all the sweets of life? No wonder then, that such should cling to life, and shrink from death with terror and dismay; no wonder that such should feel insupportable and overwhelming grief at the loss of friends; for who can bear the thoughts of eternal separation from those lovely scenes with which they have been accustomed to associate from early infancy? Who can endure to be torn from those they love dearer

than life, and to have all the tender cords of affection which twine around the heart with mutual endearment, severed and destroyed for ever?

Let us then endeavour to inspire the minds of those who are placed under our care and instruction, with a firm faith in and lively sense of this the most important of all subjects, the resurrection of the body, and eternal life; and thus encourage them with the greatest of all inducements to lead a life of righteousness, such as will secure to them a part in the first resurrection, and a happy immortality in the society and friendship of the ransomed throng who are arrayed in spotless white, and who reign on earth with the blessed Redeemer.

Having now shown clearly that the resurrection of the body is a complete restoration and reorganization of the physical system of man; and that the elements of which his body is composed are eternal in their duration; and that they form the tabernacle —the everlasting habitation of that spirit which animated them in this life; and that the spirits and bodies of men are of equal importance and destined to form an eternal and inseparable union with each other; we must now return to our research, as to the final destiny of the earth and its productions of animal and vegetable life.

We have already shown that the earth itself, and

all its productions were deeply affected by the fall, and by the sins of the children of men: that the atonement which was made by Jesus Christ was not only for man, but also for the earth and all the fulness thereof: that all things were redeemed from the fall, and would finally be restored from all the dreadful effects thereof; and be regenerated, sanctified and renewed after the pattern, and in the likeness and image of its first creation; partaking of the same beauty, glory excellence and perfection it had in the beginning. But it is evident that this restitution did not take place at the first advent of the Messiah; and that it has not taken place at any time since: therefore it is yet future, and must be fulfilled at a certain time which is appointed by infinite wisdom. This certain time is called in holy writ, "the times of restitution of all things which God hath spoken by the mouth of all his holy prophets since the world began." Now this restitution is to be accomplished by nothing short of a second advent of the Messiah. He must again descend from heaven to earth in like manner as he ascended. This second advent of Messiah, and the grand events connected with it is a theme which all the prophets and apostles have dwelt on more fully in their writings than they have on any other subject whatever. If I would

quote proofs on this subject, I might begin with Enoch the seventh from Adam, who exclaims, "Behold the Lord cometh with ten thousand of his saints," etc. and end with the revelation of Jesus Christ to his servant John, "Behold! he cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see him; and they also which pierced him, and all the kindreds of the earth shall wail because of him." This glorious advent of the Messiah was the comfort of Job in his extreme affliction; he could lift up his sorrowful eyes from the midst of sackcloth and ashes, and exclaim "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he will stand at the latter day upon the earth; and though after my skin, worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God," etc. This was the solace of Daniel in his captivity. He could exclaim, "I saw in the night, visions, and behold, one like the son of man came with the clouds of heaven," etc. This same theme often inspired Isaiah, and David, with an extacy of admiration and delight, and caused them to pour forth their sweetest strains,—their sublimest effusions of poetic inspiration; and this same subject seems interwoven with almost every page of the New Testament writings. Indeed it formed a kind of centre, or rallying point, around which hovered all the hopes, joys, anticipations and comforts of the former day saints. In

bonds or imprisonments, in persecutions and afflictions, in tortures or in flames; they could look forward to the coming of the Lord in joyful anticipation of a resurrection and reward.

It is this glorious advent of the Messiah, and the great restitution connected with it which has ever formed the hope of the Jews; on this one point hangs the destiny of that long dispersed nation, in their final restoration to the favour of God, and to the land of their fathers, and to their beloved city Jerusalem.

This advent is what Paul had allusion to in his writings to the Romans where he said, "As it is written there shall come out of Zion a deliverer, who shall turn away ungodliness from Jacob." This second advent, is what Peter meant when he said to the Jews, (see Acts iii.) "And he shall send Jesus Christ, which before was preached unto you, whom the heavens must receive until the times of restitution," etc. It seems evident then, that Jesus Christ is to come again at the times of restitution; at which time a trump shall sound, at the voice of which the graves of the saints will be opened, and they arise from the dead, and are caught up together with those who are alive and remain, to meet the Lord in the air.

In the mean time the earth will be terribly convulsed; the mountains will sink, the valleys rise, the rough places become smooth; while a fire will pass over the surface of the earth, and consume the proud and all that do wickedly, as the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah were destroyed in the days of Abraham: and thus after the earth is cleansed by fire, from all its wicked inhabitants, as it once was by water, and after its mighty con-

vulsions have restored it to its former shape and surface, it becomes a fit residence for Jesus Christ and his saints. The Jews behold their long—long expected Messiah, and come to the knowledge that he is that Jesus whom their fathers crucified; they are cleansed from their sins through his most precious blood; their holy city Jerusalem becomes a place of holiness indeed, and a seat of government; where will be the tabernacle and throne of Messiah; and where the nations of them that are saved will resort from year to year, from all the adjoining countries to worship the king, the Lord of hosts; and to keep the feast of tabernacles: and thus, there will be one Lord, and his name one; and he will be king over all the earth. "Blessed are the meek for they shall inherit the earth." This promise made by the Saviour while on the mount, will then be fulfilled. (See also, xxxvii Psalm; and also Ezekiel xxxvii.

The curses which came upon the earth by reason of sin will then be taken off. It will no longer bring forth thorns and thistles, but its productions will be as they were before the fall. The barren deserts will become fruitful, the thirsty land will abound in springs of water, men will then plant gardens and eat the fruit of them, they will plant vineyards and drink the wine of them, they will build houses and cities, and inhabit them, and the Lord's elect will long enjoy the work of their hands. All the earth will then be at rest under one sovereign. Swords will then be beaten into ploughshares, and spears into pruning hooks, and the nations shall learn war no more. The very beasts of prey will then lose their thirst for blood, and their enmity will cease. The lion will eat herbs

instead of preying upon flesh, and all the animal creation will become perfectly harmless as they were in the beginning, while perfect peace will cover the earth, as the waters cover the sea; while all the ancient prophets, apostles, saints and martyrs with all our friends who have fallen asleep in Jesus will be on earth, with their glorified, immortal bodies, to sing the song of victory, and to praise the great Messiah who reigns in the midst of his people. O reader, this is the first resurrection! "Blessed and holy is he that has part in the first resurrection."

O reader, this is the great sabbath of creation; the thousand years of rest and peace; the longexpected Millennium. Wouldst thou live in the flesh, and have part in it? wouldst thou again enjoy the society of thy friends who were so near and dear to thy heart in this life? wouldst thou inherit the earth, and be free forever from the grave? Remember—remember, that meekness and holiness of life are the conditions. That it is the meek only who then inherit the earth. That it is the saints only who then possess the kingdom, and the greatness of the kingdom under the whole heaven. In this delightful sabbath of creation, earth and its inhabitants will rest one thousand years from all the pains, and woes, and sorrows they have undergone during the six thousand years of labor, toil and suffering.

After this thousand years is ended. the last resurrection will soon come, together with the judgment day. These grand events will be ushered in by the sounding of the last trump, which will call forth the wicked from their long confinement in the grave, and they will be judged according to their works, and will then depart from the presence of the Lord to the place appointed for them. At that time the

heavens and earth will undergo their last and final change. They die, and rise again from the dead; or, in other words, the elements are changed from their temporal to their eternal state; being renewed, purified, and brought to the highest state of perfection and refinement which it is possible for them to receive.

The earth being thus renewed and purified, is no more to be changed or shaken. It will then roll its eternal rounds amidst the unnumbered systems of the universe; being clothed with celestial glory, and inhabited by immortal and celestial beings who were redeemed from sin and raised from the dead by the blood of Jesus Christ and the power of his resurrection, and who are clothed in white raiment with crowns upon their heads in glory; being kings and priests unto God and to the Lamb with whom they reign on earth for ever and ever; for there will be the holy city, New Jerusalem, the place of his throne; and his tabernacle will be with man, and he will dwell with them and be their God; and he will wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there will be no more death, neither sorrow nor groaning; neither shall there be any more pain, for the old order of things will have passed away and all things will have become new.

Reader, wouldst thou leave thy native earth, and soar away to worlds on high, and be at rest! thou mayest do so until the great restitution of all things spoken by the prophets; for Christ and the saints have gone to worlds on high, and have entered in before thee. But remember, that in the worlds on high thy stay is short. Jesus and the saints are only there to await the full time for earth to be cleansed and prepared for their reception, and they will all come home again to their native planet; and

even while they are in heaven and absent from the earth, they look forward with joyful anticipation to the time of their return to the place of their nativity. The joyful theme of reigning on the earth inspires the music of their heavenly song; for proof of this, the reader is referred to Rev. v. 9, 10, he there records a song which he heard sung by the hosts of heaven, which closes with the following words, "We shall reign on the earth."

If man would enjoy a heaven beyond the bounds of space peopled only by spirits: if he would desire to be for ever free from earth, and absent from the body of his flesh, and from his native planet, he will be under the necessity of embracing the doctrines of the Alcoran, or some of the fables of the heathen mythology, where, in the boundless fields of fancy, or amid the romantic wilds of imagination and fanaticism, the mind roams unchecked by reason, and loses itself from all the realities of rational existence; in a land of shadows, a world of phantoms, from which it will only awake in disappointment by the sound of the last trump, and at last find itself constrained to acknowledge that eternity as well as time, is occupied in realities, and by beings of a physical as well as spiritual existence for the inspired writers, one and all have agreed, that the earth is destined for the eternal inheritance of the saints. The sacred volume opens with a paradise on earth, and closes with a paradise on earth. Moses introduces us to a world of beauty, glory, excellence and perfection in the beginning. And John closes the volume by leaving man in possession of an eternal habitation in his immortal body, in the holy city; and upon the very planet that first gave him being: and this is the end of the matter.